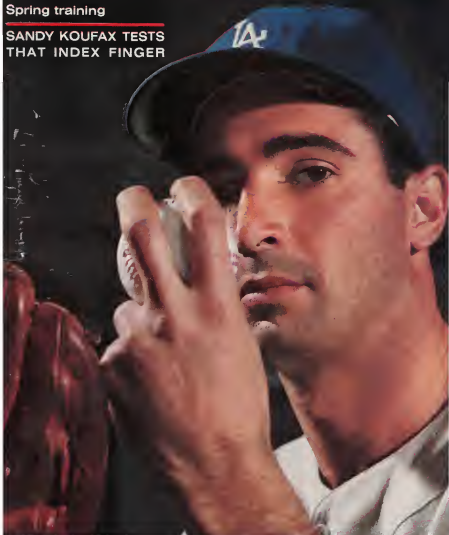


# Sports Illustrated

MARCH 4, 1963 25 CENTS

Spring training

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THAT INDEX FINGER



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Cigar Institute of America, Inc.

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Cover photograph by Noah Kaufman

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., except one issue a year and second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized to second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash, U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$6.25 a year. This issue included in second and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered as shown for as follows: eastern, R1-R4; E1-E2, midwestern, M1-M2; S1-S2, southern, S1-S2; western, W1-W2; Florida, R3-R4; E3-E4, S3-S4.

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**IS CANDY DANDY?** Will Never Bend crack! The two big Derby colts go for \$100,000 purses—Candy Spots in the Santa Anita Derby and Never Bend in the Flamingo.

**A FIERY YOUNG RACER** named Chuck Fornes has already beaten some top skiers in Europe and the U.S. Roy Tenrell reports he may soon become the best in the world.

**A BOXING SYNDICATE** clearly above reproach is the one behind Cassius Clay. It's made up of 11 businessmen who hope to give the sport a new look and make money.



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A vintage advertisement for Outboard Marine. The background is a stylized, painterly illustration of a woman in a pink floral swimsuit water skiing. She is being towed by a white speedboat with two outboard motors. The scene is set against a warm, reddish-orange sky and water. The text is overlaid on the bottom left of the image.

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## SHOPWALK

This season's sailing gear is stylish, colorful and, best of all, practical

It is not uncommon for a yacht cruising offshore to encounter sudden squalls, blistering sun and then the damp chill of late afternoon at sea all in a day's sail. As a result, the serious yachtsman selects his clothing as carefully as his boating equipment, and much of this spring's new sailing gear reflects this practical concern for quality as well as a sense of style.

Mighty-Mac, the Gloucester company behind the boom in burgee jackets, now makes a variety of casual deck coats, hooded parkas and trim warmup jackets in traditional navy wool broadcloth that should appeal to



yachtsmen everywhere. Inspired, no doubt, by the preference of Gloucester fishermen for heavy wool shirts and sweaters that shake off the salt and spray of ocean sailing, the new Mighty-Mac jackets are treated for water repellency and are just the right thing for chilly late afternoon cruising.

The Snug-Cover parka (above), worn with traditional white ducks, makes any sailor look and feel at home anywhere from Newport, R.I. to Newport Beach, Calif. This model (\$40) has an attached hood and large patch pockets, and it buttons up the front. The trousers (\$11) are made by Gordon-Ford in durable combed-cotton jibcloth.

The Sperry Top-Sider elk moccasins in the drawing are tough enough to satisfy the most demanding requirements of blue-water

continued

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## SHOPWALK *continued*

sailing felt hide is the material that is wrapped around lifelines to prevent them from wearing through under strain. This shoe (\$18.95) has the standard Top-Sider antiskid sole and the comfortable fit of a loafer. Unlike the canvas models, the elk moccasins can be easily resoled.

The Fulton Supply Company, Inc. at 23 Fulton Street, New York City carries a heavy turtle-neck sweater especially for commercial fishermen and offshore yachting customers. This sweater (below) is made of navy-blue worsted wool that is tightly woven and double thick at the wrists and neck. It costs \$12.95 and should last a minimum of six years, says Fulton. The Arctic Institute of North America, which outfits U.S. expedition with cold-weather clothing, regularly buys 50 of these sweaters at a time for the crews of ships bound for polar regions.

Fulton's dusty, cluttered store, just a few steps from the wharves of the Fulton Fish Market, imports the highly popular and traditional English sailing hat. The one below is made of lightweight cotton and has a green underbloom to reduce the glare of the ocean sun. It costs \$1.59.

Bennett Sportswear had nautical charts of Long Island Sound printed on lightweight vinyl, then turned out colorful parkas



and dingy shorts in this fabric. The shorts (above) are \$13.95 in blue, orange or yellow and could conceivably help a sailor navigate by the seat of his pants. The parka, with a terry cloth-lined hood, is \$23.95.

In the heavy seas offshore, the deep-water sailor needs slicker-type protection from weather, and one of the most popular today is the foul-weather gear by Cover Plax. Imported from Norway, the suits are made of yellow polyvinyl plastic bonded to Egyptian cotton. The parka (above right) is available as a pullover or jacket model. The complete suit, for men and women, is \$23.95.

White Stag, now the largest maker of bathing clothes for women, has designed its new Hatch Cover parka (right) in lightweight cotton to serve as a bathing-suit



cover-up against the strong sun and windy days of summer sailing. The Hatch Cover (\$13) is hooded, patch-pocketed, and is just the right length for use over a swimsuit.

For the practical girl at sea, Sports, Ltd. has designed a jacket that turns into a duffel bag at the flip of a sleeve. You simply pull sleeves inside out, flip the collar over and then zip it to form the duffel bag. Made of water-repellent cotton poplin, it is white with contrasting stripes of yellow and blue at the bottom. It costs \$15. — PAUL STEWART



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## POINT OF FACT

**A National Basketball Association quiz to stimulate the memory and increase the knowledge of the fans**

**?** *The record for most points scored in an NBA game by one player stood at 63 (Joe Folk of Philadelphia in 1949) for 12 seasons. Who finally broke Folk's record?*

• Elgin Baylor of Minneapolis (now Los Angeles) scored 64 points against Boston on Nov. 8, 1959. A year later he raised the record to 71 points in a game against New York. Then Wilt Chamberlain of Philadelphia (now San Francisco) took over. He scored 78 points in a three-quarter-period game against Los Angeles on Dec. 8, 1961, 71 in a regulation-time game with Chicago on Jan. 13, 1962, and on March 2, 1962 he dunked an unbelievable 100 points against New York.

**?** *Who holds the record for most assists in one game? In an NBA career?*

• Boston's Bob Cousy holds both marks. He had 28 assists in a game against Minneapolis on Feb. 27, 1959. And last season he became the first player to make a career record of more than 6,000 assists. He ended the season with 6,434 and had added 233 more to his total by the end of December.

**?** *How many players have retrieved 50 or more rebounds in a single game?*

• Only two. Bill Russell of Boston grabbed 51 rebounds against Syracuse on Feb. 8, 1960, but Wilt Chamberlain holds the record, with 53 rebounds against Boston on Nov. 24, 1960.

**?** *What player holds the record for the best career free-throw average?*

• Bill Sharman of Boston (1951-1961). He made 3,143 foul shots out of 3,557 attempts, for a .883 average.

**?** *Until the 1962 season Harry Galforn of New York held the record for playing in consecutive regular-season games—682. He had played in every game during his career with the New York Knicks (1948-1959). Who broke his record?*

• Dolph Schayes had played in 706 consecutive games before being sidelined with a broken jawbone on Dec. 26, 1961.

—MARY ANN GOULD

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# SCORECARD

## LESSON FROM BOSTON

Several hundred Texas A&M students marched across the basketball court in Austin the other night, after the Texas Longhorns had defeated the Aggies 83-73, and started slugging opposing rooters. The Longhorn band struck up *The Star-Spangled Banner*, but that didn't help, nor, for the next 20 minutes, did anything else until the public address system sounded an appeal for doctors to treat the injured. Four students required hospital attention. There were cries for strict disciplinary action against the ringleaders (Aggie football players) and the severing of athletic relations between the two schools. A University of Texas student newspaper editorial asserted that "Texas A&M College should be abolished."

In Italy, meanwhile, the nation's highest court was debating whether a soccer fan could be punished for yelling "Kill the umpire" or some such. No man may offend a public official, especially in public. Italian law says, and the court was trying to decide whether a soccer referee is a public official.

In France a very simple solution for unruly crowds was found by the French Basketball Federation. When officials were booed and threatened after Charleville beat Bagnolet 74-73, the federation ordered the home team, Charleville, to play its next four games without any spectators at all.

Better than either the Italian or French approaches, we think, is the way Harvard and Boston College handled some unpleasantness that resulted from their hockey game last week, which Harvard won by a surprising 3-1 score. The Harvard fans misbehaved noisily, and next day Dean John U. Monroe sent his regrets to the Rev. John A. McCarthy, S.J., dean of BC's Schools of Arts and Sciences. Not only that but Harvard's Coach Cooney Weiland complimented the BC team as "outstanding," and Coach John (Snooks) Kelley of BC expressed doubt that any eastern team could have beaten Harvard that night, even though he thought his own team

"played very well." The game has for years been one of great rivalry, all right, but Harvard and Boston College are determined that the rivalry will never degenerate into distasteful bitterness.

## "GRETTEL" AGAIN?

Bertam's Anthony Boyden, owner of the new America's Cup challenger, which will be launched in June, so far has been able to find no suitable trial horse. His offer to charter *Gretel* was rejected. *Gretel* would, however, be happy to race the British boat in American or Australian waters. If she won she would assume the right to challenge for the cup, since cup conditions now allow a substitute challenger from the same nation. That would leave it to the New York Yacht Club to decide whether Britain and Australia are the same nation.

## THE THINKING MAN'S JOCKEY

No one who watched Beau Purple in his big races last year had any doubt about how he runs his winning races and what has to be done to beat him. Allowed to take the lead and set his own pace, he won the Suburban, the Brooklyn and the Man o' War. When someone went after him early and tenaciously, as in the Monmouth Handicap, the Woodward and the Washington, D.C. International, he was not around at the finish. It was as simple as that, and in last week's Widener no one knew it better than the Kelso team of Owner Mrs. Richard C. duPont, Trainer Carl Hanford and Jockey Milo Valenzuela. At saddling time, therefore, Hanford instructed Valenzuela not to let Beau Purple get away from Kelso.

Through the first quarter Kelso was only a little more than a length behind Beau Purple but, when they turned up the backstretch, Valenzuela saw Bronze Babu move suddenly past him. Then, instead of following instructions, Milo started to think. He thought Bronze Babu would take the run out of Beau Purple, saving Kelso the trouble, and so, to the amazement of everyone, Valenzuela dropped back to fifth place. But

Bronze Babu did not duel with the leader, and Beau Purple coasted along in front, covering the half in the slow time of 48 3/5. As the horses turned for home he was three lengths in front. Kelso never could catch up.

Everybody knows how to beat Beau Purple, but who knows how to see to it that jockeys follow instructions?

## EXPANDING SHOWCASE

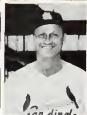
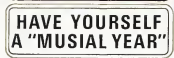
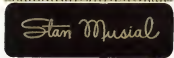
Of the more than six million golfers in the U.S., perhaps 80 could be considered regulars on the PGA's pro tour. These players are the showcase of the game and have contributed much to its immense popularity throughout the world. But a new look as if the influential 80 are set on a course that will do the other six million considerable harm.

The Rules of Golf are established periodically by the United States Golf Association and the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of Scotland, working in concert, but in recent years the PGA has altered some of the minor rules to suit itself. The result has been a series of rhyburbs on the pro circuit, on two occasions involving Arnold Palmer, who should know what the real rules are. As a consequence, golfers all over the U.S. are puzzled about what rule to play when.

"Golf as played by amateurs for sport and pros for money is now two different games," Richard S. Tufts, a former USGA president and nonplaying captain of the current Walker Cup team, declared last week. Even as Tufts spoke, the touring pros were strongly considering a major rule deviation: upping the limit of clubs a golfer can carry from 14 to 16. This might permit the pros to lower their scores a fraction—the goal of most of the PGA rule changes. It might also convince the average golfer that he needs a greater variety of clubs, which is good for pro shop receipts. But it would further widen the breach between the pro game and the amateur game. Tufts and the USGA rightfully feel such changes are bad. The showcase must not get too big for the store.

## THE PUMPUKIA PLATOONS

The amateur spirit his long horse brighter in sports-crazy Finland than in any other country, but even there, it seems, the world trend toward a hypocritical definition of amateurism is about to be honored. The Finnish defense forces have decided to form four special sports platoons within the nation's tiny army. Top athletes will do their eight months



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[illegible]

**SCORECARD** continued

of compulsory military training in these platoons and enjoy major mollycoddling the while. Most of their service will be devoted entirely to their specialities. To finance the operation the military is establishing "The Support Fund for Defense Forces Sport," sustained by donations and grants from the state-controlled soccer pools, which distribute their profits to sport, culture and science.

It is hard to hoodwink a Finn, and public reaction has been one of indignation. Kari Suomalainen, the country's leading cartoonist, drew a line of soldiers, including one labeled "Champion Sportsman" wrapped in pumppu (cotton wool) and another with his back turned to show a placard reading, "I won't take a step without money." *Uusi Suomi*, conservative daily, muttered about "a protected home for the privileged."

Well, at least the Finns understand what they are doing to amateurism.

## THE OCCIDENTAL OX

The sleeper among the nation's shotputters may well be John McGrath of Occidental College, a 6-foot-6, 240-pound senior, who could wind up the year second only to New York University's sensational Gary Gubner. Last year he set a new Occidental school record of 57 feet 11 inches, and this year he has already reached 61 feet ½ inch in competition. How does McGrath keep in shape during the off season? Well, unlike many shotputters, he doesn't play football. Last fall he was Occidental's cheerleader.

## BUTCH TREAT

The recent discovery in America that foot can be used for walking as well as for tromping on accelerator pedals must amuse the Dutch, who annually celebrate walking with a grand marching tour of the country roads near Nijmegen. Last July the event attracted 100,000 Hollanders, 1,400 Britons, 600 Swiss, 100 Germans and, yes, nine Americans. Anyone 12 years or older may enter and, indeed, grandmothers of 80 participate. They try to cover a specified distance within, usually, 11 hours. Younger men cover about 34 miles a day, older participants and women about 25. The very young and the very old shoot for 18 miles.

Crowds gather at the roadside to cheer the marchers on, bands play, drinks are served and now and then a spray of cologne from a pretty onlooker refreshes a face flushed with weariness. Red Cross



# Extra rust protection — more proof that today's Ford-built bodies are better built!



Normal attacks of winter's slash and melt are prevented by the quality engineering of today's Ford-built cars. Here are just a few of the ways Ford Motor Company, a pioneer in rust protection, safeguards your investment by the use of unique manufacturing techniques and special rust-resistant materials. More reasons why Ford-built cars last longer, need less care, keep their value better.



Vital parts of galvanized steel (shown in yellow on this station body) resist rust 2 to 3 times longer than ordinary steel. Factory-applied Undercoat deadens sound, protects against rust.



Critical areas such as wheel openings and behind headlights are sprayed with a primer that's approximately 90% concentrated zinc. Every rock and errand gets careful rust protection.



Baked-in protection goes 4 coats deep. First, 2 coats of rust-fighting primer, then 2 coats of glossing, chip-resistant enamel are baked on to lock in the future for longer-lasting beauty.



How to buff wheel spring. Ford-built cars have buffies in fender wells. These are designed to shield rocker panels and other areas from mud, splash and salt.



Rust-free materials are used widely. Wheel covers are chromed stainless steel. Moldings, aluminum or stainless steel. Grilles, aluminum or chromed metal — even exterior screws are stainless steel.



Mufflers are aluminum. Mufflers on Ford-built cars outlast ordinary mufflers 2 to 3 times. They're made of fully aluminum steel, or aluminum-plus-stainless steel.



6-step chrome keeps bumpers bright. So bumpers won't rust when "bumped," chrome on Ford-built cars undergoes a 6-step process. Included: copper plating, brass plating, nickel plating.

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COMFORT IS A MATTER OF COURSE—SPECTATING OR  
PARTICIPATING. THESE SOCKS ARE SOFTIES—BUT ONLY TO  
THE TOUCH. THEY STAND UP, HANDSOMELY, TO ROUND AFTER  
ROUND OF WEAR, TURN AFTER TURN IN MACHINE  
WASH AND DRY. LONG RANGE OF SIZES, COLORS. SEE THEM.  
**SOCKS OF 80% "ORLON"\*/20% WOOL HAVE IT!**

ORLON

\*Orlon is Du Pont's registered trademark for its acrylic fiber.

workers dotting the pastoral scene apply bandages to blisters and rub stiff legs.

The event lasts four days, ending with a march of the "gladioli," in which those who have completed their stint are showered with petals, pinned with ribbons and kissed on both cheeks.

The Marines should have it like that.

#### MCKENNEY'S VIGAH

It is only a year since we chided Joe McKenney, the American League lexicographer, for his parrothead guidance to the pronunciation of players' names in the league's *Red Book*, the priceless publication that tells radio and TV announcers how to say "Yogi Berra." We noted that McKenney's recommended enunciation was founded on a Boston prejudice, or confusion, with respect to the letter r, so that Tracy Stallard comes out Tracy Stalad. We pictured in our minds a Chicago radio announcer going home and trying to explain *that* to his wife.

Now McKenney has struck back. In the 1963 edition he leads us on by granting us the r in Geiger and Buzhardt (GUY-ger and Baz-HART) but he persists in HAW-len for Horlen, SEE-but for Siebert, and there, once more, is good old FIST-ah for Pfister.

Then, like a glove in our face, he flings us BOY-err, with *two* rich, ripe r's, instead of the expected uh, as in BOY-uh, and swiftly, in a deep double-reverse of studied insult, he tells us that Zanni is pronounced ZAR-nee.

McKenney is a hard man to beat.

#### THEY SAID IT

• Ray Putnam, Texas Aggie cross-country coach, explaining why he left his runners on their own the night before a meet in New Orleans, while other coaches played detective: "I knew the kind of character our kids have, and the training and the high morals. I also knew they didn't have any money, and a drink on Bourbon Street costs \$2.35 a pop."

• Jerry Bush, Nebraska basketball coach, when a photographer asked permission to attach a remote-control camera to the glass backboard: "Go ahead. The way we're playing, it wouldn't make any difference if you put a two-by-four across the top of the basket."

• Dr. Paul Dudley White, heart specialist and advocate of walking as exercise: "A man ought to have a doctor's prescription to be allowed to use a golf cart."

END

# CLASS!



Robert Brandt, Beverly Hills, Calif., stockbroker, regularly rides his Triumph to and from his office.

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**Sports  
Illustrated**

MARCH 4, 1963

# TWO HULLS ARE BETTER

In the One-of-a-Kind Regatta on Biscayne Bay last week a fleet of catamarans and other multihulled boats, like the Malibu outrigger shown here, proved—to all but the stubbornest—that they are by far the fastest

147



# THAN ONE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY THOLD



## TO WEATHER AND BACK AGAIN

by ARTHUR ZICH

There was a time when the speed of a racing sailboat could be determined by nothing much more complicated than her length on the water. All else being equal, the longer the boat, the faster it sailed. No matter how hard the wind blew, no matter how much sail she piled on her spars, no matter how they shaped her keel or centerboard, the little boat simply could not go as fast as the big one. Hence, when great J boats like *Ranger* and *Enterprise*, with their 80-foot waterlines, raced for the America's Cup, there was no question that they were the fastest sailing yachts afloat. But in those days boats stayed in the water.

Then things got complicated. Yacht designers began building light, airy kinds of boats designed to climb up out of their natural element and skim along on top of it, reducing the resistance of the water to almost nothing. First came planing boats like Thistles, scows or Flying Dutchmen—swift, lightweight cockleshells with paper-thin skins of fiber glass or plywood that slid along the waves like a skipped stone to make archaic nonsense out of below-the-waterline physics. With no weight to steady them from below, to keep upright some of these boats along their crewmen overside on trapezes hung from the mast.

After the planing boats came the catamarans and the outriggers, multihulled vessels with two or more waterlines like the Malibu canoe shown on the preceding page. Then as razors in the water, broad-beamed as barges in the air above it, stable as churches and swift as the guillotine, the cats broke all the rules for predicting speed afloat. Ever since their entrance onto the racing scene an angry argument has raged on two points: Are cats the fastest boats? Are they boats at all?

Last week 83 top racing skippers, each sailing a different kind of boat and each convinced that his was the best, took to the waters of Florida's Biscayne Bay to settle the argument, presumably once and for all. They were taking part in *Yachting* magazine's One-of-a-Kind Regatta, a series of races designed to put a variety of class boats into contention with one another. The skippers came from as far away as California, Canada and Great Britain, and their credentials were impressive, three-time Mallory Cup Win-

ner Buddy Melges sailing a new fiberglass M-20 scow; Pat Duane, the crack woman sailorman, who as U.S. representative will race a Flying Dutchman against all comers, male or female, in the Pan American Games this year, England's renowned yachting writer, Jack Knights, sailing a new 16-foot 2-inch Fireball, Van Alan Clark, class winner in last year's Bermuda Race, sailing a rusty-red 300 catamaran named *Beverly*.

centerboarders such as the *Lightning*, the *Highlander* and the *Y-Flyer*; 4) racing keelboats like the *Star* and the *110*, and 5) auxiliary cruisers up to 30 feet in length—all of them theoretically equalized under a handicap rule.

The rule simply complicated matters: one boat had its rating changed twice during the course of the regatta, and the biggest handicap turned out to be that suffered by the people trying to figure



Former sailing champion Buddy Melges holds his M-20 scow close to the wind.

Although interest in the pure speed sweepstakes focused on the cats, the scows and trapeze planing boats, the race committee encouraged obviously slower varieties by dividing the regatta into five groups of relatively similar classes (see page 16), in somewhat the same way that pointers, setters and retrievers are all grouped as "sporting" dogs in a dog show. The groups were: 1) the cats and outriggers; 2) scows and trapeze planers; 3) conventional

out the results. A conclusion no impartial observer could avoid reaching at the end of the races, however, was that the catamarans had demonstrated complete and unimpeachable superiority at making speed.

The races themselves were almost boring, so completely did the catamarans dominate Biscayne Bay. The wind blew through a chill drizzle at 15 to 20 miles an hour for the first race. By afternoon it was kicking up whitecaps at 20 to 25.

The next day the wind was down to 10 to 12 with a mild chop, but the weather made no difference. The catamarans were slashing around the courses so swiftly that the powered spectator boats could not keep up with them. Many of the boats in the slower divisions were actually lapped, and at least one was almost lapped a second time.

When the two-day competition was done, the cats had sailed off with everything but the orange dinghies marking the racecourses. Unofficially, they had taken the first 10 places in overall fleet

and it has not been kept secret. It has proved basically that a catamaran must move faster because it combines lack of resistance with stability and a large sail area to a degree virtually impossible in a single-hulled boat. "The speed of anything is dictated by its resistance and the amount of force that can be applied to it," Roderick Macalpine-Downie, one of the world's foremost catamaran designers, explained last week with clipped British precision. "The catamaran, with long, thin hulls and light weight, has a low displacement-length ratio. This, of

lot of the force is lost," he says. "But he gets a good jolt if he keeps his neck stiff. A monohull boat heels over in the wind, rolling with the punch, the cat stays stiff and gets the jolt and transmits it into power." But what happens if a catamaran tips over? Harris just grins at such a question. "A lot of blokes capsized out there," he pointed out last week. "None of them were catamarans."

In the first race, around the first mark and into a tight reach, a pelican was flying comfortably along 200 feet ahead of Clark's *Beverly*. In a matter of sec-



Pat Duane's crewman hangs overside on a trapeze suspended from the mast of her Flying Dutchman as a Melody outrigger creeps up

standings in each of the three races. It had to be unofficial, for so formidable was their performance that the sponsors refused to acknowledge anything more than one overall winner—which happened to be Van Alan Clark's catamaran *Beverly*.

Both the contestants and spectators should have been less surprised than they were by the cats' triumph. A great deal of research (largely British) has gone into these boats during the last 10 years,

course, means low resistance without the need for planing. The wide separation between the two hulls gives the catamaran high stability without the need for ballast. This enables it to carry a large sail area and results in the application of high power."

Bob Harris, an Australian by way of Malaya and Quebec, who has been sailing and building catamarans since 1932, offers a more graphic explanation. "If a chap rolls with a rap on the chin, a

onds, the bird was flapping alongside. A second or so later, left far behind, the bird descended to the water to watch in disgust as the twin red hulls vanished in the rain. The needle on the press boat speedometer was bouncing between 25 and 30.

Despite the transparent superiority of the cats, scarcely a single-hull skipper in the crowd was ready to call it quits. The great thing about sailboat racing, there's always an excuse. A broken hiking strap,

a jammed centerboard, a badly laid-out course, a capricious wind shift. Another day, another breeze, another regatta. Ah, then things would be different. Long after the race committee had shut up shop, long after the boats themselves had been pulled up onto the beach, the debate raged on and on in the bar at the Coral Reef Yacht Club, raging changes on the subject as furiously as the bell on the cash register rang up receipts.

"Don't tell me," said one planing boat skipper. "My boat and any other planing hull will eat up a catamaran going downwind. And if the air had been light, we'd have made mincemeat out of those freaks."

"If we'd had a longer leg on a broad reach, we'd have walked away from all the boats," said a centerboard sailor. "We could hardly use our spinnaker."

"I like a boat that's a boat," huffed a blue-water man. "Who'd go to sea in a catamaran?"

"But the test of a boat is going to weather," said a catamaran sailor. "A cat goes to weather like a jackrabbit."

"So does a keelboat," said a keelboat sailor, and added irrelevantly, "Besides, a catamaran is funny-looking."

Funny-looking or not, catamarans are here to stay and they are bound to go on inspiring new fashions in racing as they have already in boating clothes (see pages 40-46). Bemoaning the cats' success in the Coral Reef bar last week, one boatbuilder summarized the findings at the One-of-a-Kind Regatta in bitterly emotional but quite understandable terms. "Come all this way for three piddly eight-mile races," he wailed. "And I'll tell you what the impact of this regatta will be. It's that I won't sell a planing boat for five years, that's what it will be."

The boatbuilder's pain would only have been deeper if he had been down on the dock, where Van Alan Clark was saying. "I think it's a useful exercise to find out just how fast a sailboat can go. And don't think this is the end of it. We're just beginning to find out how to make these things go fast." A pelican, squatting on a nearby piling, raised its head as he talked, spread its wings and slowly flapped away. **END**

*Winning catamaran Beverly sails easily past a more comfortable auxiliary cruiser.*

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### CENTERBOARDERS LIGHTNING

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sail area 220 sq. ft.



### KEELBOATS STAR

length 22 ft. 0.5 in., draft 3 ft. 4 in.,  
sail area 280 sq. ft.







#### PLANERS

##### CLASS A SCOW

length 38 ft., draft (boards up) 3 in., sail area 506 sq. ft.

#### AUXILIARY CRUISERS

##### WALTON 26

length 26 ft., 9 in., draft 3 ft., 10 in., sail area 294 sq. ft.



#### MULTIHULLS

##### WILDCAT

length 17 ft., 9 in., draft (boards up) 6 in., sail area 228 sq. ft.



## ***Moving Toward a Day in May***

SANTA ANITA PARK      SANTA ANITA PARK      SANTA ANITA PARK  
RACE FEB 1 9 63      7 RACE FEB 1 9 63      7 RACE FEB 1 9 63



The two most important Kentucky Derby candidates of 1963 finally got to the races last week, though they ran on tracks that were a continent apart. The West's Candy Spots, idle for six months, came rolling up on the outside at California's Santa Anita to win by a desperate fraction of an inch against good opposition. The East's Never

Bend strolled to a 50-yard victory at Florida's Hialeah Park, hardly tested by a small, weak field. With nine weeks to go before their date in Louisville, they get down to really serious business this Saturday. Rex Ellsworth's Candy Spots is the favorite in the \$100,000 Santa Anita Derby; Never Bend is the same in the \$100,000 Flamingo



**MUSCULAR NEVER BEND** gallops southward, finish off his seven-furlong bettes exhibition race, leaving three outland rivals a distant 14 lengths behind and boosting his lifetime record to eight wins in 17 starts.

**PHOTOGENIC CANDY SPOTS** (1) tips his partner at the wire in a six-furlong race to raise his unbeaten record to four. Finish was so tight that officials called for three enlargements of picture to determine the winner.

# ***AN URGENT MATTER OF ONE INDEX FINGER***

A sore finger knocked Sandy Koufax out of action last July and cost the Dodgers the 1962 pennant. Now the Dodgers worry: Is the finger better?

by **ROBERT CREAMER**

Alan Guld



Let us talk of sore arms.

In the old days the manager of a big-league baseball team would ask his star pitcher, "How's the old arm, Lefty?"

Lefty would reply, "It don't feel so good."

The manager would shrug and say, "Well, rub a little liniment on it and maybe it'll work itself out."

If it didn't, Lefty was back in East

Greenbush, milking cows and telling lies around the general store.

Nowadays, we are more sophisticated. You can find ballplayers named Claude and Carleton and Roland, but you won't find a Lefty if you look all week. Doctors, not managers, prescribe for arm trouble. And never does a modern pitcher admit to an ailment as generalized as "sore arm." He specifies. He has

a strained supraspinatus muscle, or bone chips in his elbow, or calcium deposits in his shoulder.

The ultimate refinement along these lines may have been reached in the case of Sanford Koufax, the Los Angeles Dodgers' magnificent left-hander (see cover), who was knocked out of action last July in the middle of one of the best seasons any pitcher ever had by a con-

continued

KOUFAX (LEFT), TEAMMATE MAURY WILLS AND OTHER DODGERS MET IN MIAMI TO PLAY GOLF AND APPEAR IN A NIGHTCLUB ACT



dition later described as a "circulatory malfunction adversely affecting the left index finger." But though Sandy's sore arm is one of the smallest in baseball history—his left index finger can't be more than four inches long—it has become indelibly famous. The Finger cost the Dodgers the National League pennant, it will have a great deal to say on whether the Dodgers win or lose in 1963 and it has brought Koufax more publicity than his extraordinary pitching achievements ever did. Let another pitcher develop a similar condition some time in the future, and you can bet that the doctors will diagnose it as a case of *Koufax index*, or Sandy's Finger.

Sandy brought The Finger to Miami Beach in the middle of February, a couple of weeks before he was scheduled to begin spring training with the Dodgers in Vero Beach. He had a date to appear in a nightclub act at the Fontainebleau Hotel with Milton Berle and five Dodge teammates—Duke Snider, Don Drysdale, Maury Wills, Frank Howard and Willie Davis. The act had run for four weeks in Las Vegas, and Berle had arranged for an 11-day, two-shows-nightly repeat performance in Miami Beach. This worked out perfectly for Koufax and the other Dodgers, who did not have to report to Vero for training until the day the act ended. It also gave them a chance to play in the annual Baseball Players Golf Tournament in Miami.

Koufax flew in to Miami from Studio City, outside Los Angeles, where he lives by himself in a house filled with stereo and electronic equipment. His mother and father live in Los Angeles, his grandmother lives in Miami, his sister lives in Westchester County, New York, but Sandy, a bachelor, lives alone. Koufax is a type of the new American cosmopolitan. He grew up in Brooklyn, went to college in Ohio, lives in California, winters (or more precisely, spring-trains) in Florida, knows his way around most of the major cities of the country, dresses in the expensive and quietly flamboyant clothes that ballplayers like to wear off the field, speaks casual but grammatically correct English in a pleasantly modulated voice that has none of the inflections that mark eastern, midwestern, southern or southwestern speech patterns. He is on easy and familiar terms with the publicized names of sport and show business, has financial interests in a motel and an FM stereo station

in California, is a liberal tipper, golfs in the 80s. . . . In other words, he is the very model of a modern major-leaguer, except for that damn finger.

Koufax has been with the Dodgers since he signed a bonus contract with them in December 1954. He was at the University of Cincinnati on a basketball scholarship, but he went out for baseball as a freshman and showed such an impressive fast ball that major league scouts swarmed around. Now, at 27, he is entering his ninth major league season and, with the exception of Duke Snider, Junior Gilliam and Johnny Podres, is the oldest Dodger in point of service.

He didn't mature as a pitcher (he was a "bonus baby") until the Dodgers moved to Los Angeles in 1958. But he won 11 games that year, and in 1959 he struck out 18 men in one game to tie Bob Feller's major league record. In 1961 he won 18 games and struck out 269 men to set a National League record; this time, the old record was held by Christy Mathewson. Last season Koufax stopped throwing baseballs at old Hall of Famers and started building his own statue. He struck out 18 men in one game to tie Feller's record again. He pitched a no-hit no-run game. Then he beat Warren Spahn 2-1, and drove in the winning run with his first major league home run. He struck out opponents at the rate of more than 10 per game. In eight starts between June 13 and July 12 he allowed a total of only four earned runs. By July 12 he had won 14 games, lost four and had struck out 209 men. The season was barely half over.

Then, amid reports of circulatory trouble and numbness in his finger, his season abruptly collapsed. He was unable to pitch. He was put under a doctor's care and was out of action for the rest of the season, except for a few futile appearances late in September.

In the months since, Koufax has been asked at least a thousand times, "How's the finger?" Even Milton Berle—onstage, once each show. Koufax answered the question amiably—onstage, offstage, in hotel lobbies, on sidewalks and golf courses and elevators and every other place where he was asked. "It's coming along fine, thanks," he would tell Berle once each show, twice each night. "I've been to the doctor, and he says it shouldn't bother me at all." The audience applauded, as it should, as everyone should.

Koufax talked in more detail about The Finger one day at lunch in the Fontainebleau, in one of the innumerable restaurants scattered about that huge warehouse of frantic relaxation (the restaurants serve as oases for hungry and thirsty travelers who have ventured out across the vast lobby and have become hopelessly lost). Sandy had barley soup, a tongue sandwich and a Coke and held out The Finger for inspection. In tone, color, texture, it looked like his other fingers. It flexed like the other fingers. It tapped on the table like the other fingers. "It feels all right," he said seriously. "I don't think it's going to give me any trouble."

Wouldn't the pressure of the finger against the ball, when he throws his fast ball, possibly cause a recurrence of the circulatory difficulty?

"No," said Koufax. "It shouldn't. A lot of people have the idea that that was what caused the trouble in the first place. But it wasn't. The trouble was down here in the palm, here where the fleshy part of the thumb joins the palm. There was a blood clot right there, and that cut off the circulation to the index finger and partly to the next finger and thumb. The doctors said the clot was probably caused by a blow, a trauma, and I think I know when that happened. I threw left-handed, but I bat right-handed. Early last season I decided to bat lefty, because that way my right arm would be nearer to the pitcher than my left, and if I was going to get hit by a pitch I'd rather have it hit my right arm than my left. So I batted lefty and I got jammed by a pitch right on my hands, and I think that's when the trouble started."

(He soon reverted to batting right-handed. "In case you're wondering which way I hit that homer off Spahnne, it was right-handed," he said, grinning. Koufax plays golf left-handed because, he says, the muscles of his left arm and shoulder are so overdeveloped that they restrict his backswing when he addresses the ball right-handed. However, he puts right-handed. "Boy, you're all mixed up," said Maury Wills.)

"I first began to notice something in May," Koufax said. "My finger would feel sort of numb. It didn't hurt, and it didn't bother my pitching, but it was numb. Then—I guess in June—it would go white, sort of a dead white. No color in it at all. If I pressed my thumbnail against the finger and made a depression in it, the depression wouldn't come back up. It will now."

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He demonstrated, pressing a thumb-nail deep into the index finger and watching as the finger immediately sprang back into normal shape. "It still didn't hurt, but I had no feeling in it. It had no color, no life. I still wasn't having any trouble pitching so I wasn't worried too much. But then the finger grew so numb that I began to have trouble with the curve. I couldn't spin the ball off my fingertips. I could still throw the fast ball all right. Just before the All-Star Game I pitched against the Giants and I knew right away the curve was no good, so I threw nothing but fast balls. With maybe a change of pace now and then." He grinned. "I threw one change on a 3 and 2 pitch. I asked Alvin Dark later on if he had noticed that I wasn't throwing curves that day. He said about the third inning he'd told the Giants, 'He's not going to give you anything but fast balls today.' I got away with it then but in my next start, against the Mets, the finger was so bad I had to leave after the seventh inning. I started one more time, but I had to quit after the first inning. I was examined by the doctors and that's when I stopped pitching. They gave me anticoagulants to dissolve the clot and I had to rest. By this time there was a blister on the finger and it broke and the skin started to flake away, and when the doctors got the circulation going again, the finger was raw and ripped—like a piece of raw meat. I didn't really realize how bad it was. I was only concerned with how long I'd be out, but the doctors told me later that at the time they weren't worried so much about when I was going to pitch again as they were that they might have to amputate the finger."

He smiled a little grimly and shook his head.

"Anyway, now it feels fine. The clot is gone, the circulation is normal, it feels good. I honestly don't expect to have any trouble, though I won't know definitely until I've thrown hard for awhile. I'm sure the clot won't come back, and the circulation should be O.K. The only thing is, we don't know what damage might have been done to the finger while the circulation was bad. There might be damaged cells or something like that, and that might show up when I start to throw hard."

He smiled again and shrugged, philosophically.

"I'll have to wait and see."

END



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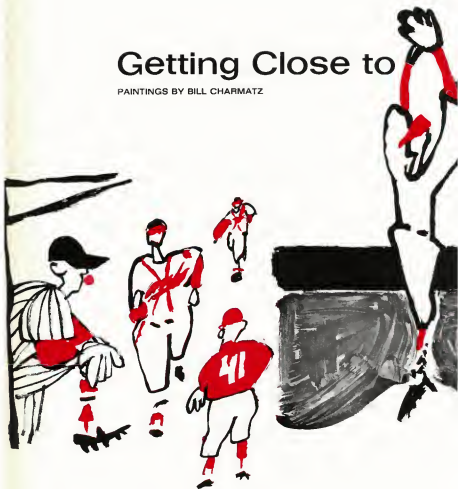


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The season of snow-glutted driveways and rich sauces is over, and the players of the major leagues, sluggish as bears, stretch and grunt and cavort in Florida's annual and primal phenomenon: spring training. As for those fellows with the cameras, it's their season to stand at field level with the stars,





joshing and carrying on with nervous intimacy while a ransom of 35mm Tri-X film records the early form of bat breakers—and bat boys. And when a player isn't running around or throwing a ball in serious preparation for the coming pennant race, a yo-yo is just the thing to while away a few sunny, idle moments.

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MOTOR SPORTS / *Kenneth Rudeen*

## Big smoke screen in Daytona

Henry Yumick (above) may or may not have connections with General Motors—but oh! how those 'nonracing' Chevrolet engines do purr

**T**he 500-mile race in Daytona Beach, Fla., is only 5 years old, but already it is securely entrenched as the most important event in American stock car racing. Sunday, despite dour forecasts of high winds and hard rains, the crowds came—71,000 people in all—to watch cars resembling their own race wheel to wheel at astonishing speeds up to and a bit over 165 mph, some of them driven for the first time in the Daytona 500 by such Indianapolis heroes as Parnelli

Jones, A. J. Foyt and Troy Ruttman.

But unless the customers arrived early at the 2½-mile International Speedway and poked into things carefully, they missed out on a juicy optional extra that bore a certain resemblance to Scotland's Loch Ness monster. This was the beginning of a racing season in which Detroit's Big Three manufacturers would rip into one another as they had not since 1957 and, like the monster, General Motors was everywhere and nowhere.

Scouts bringing breathless reports of a real, palpable presence somehow never managed to get and hung onto so much as a bolt, much less a live, card-carrying GM man. The closest anybody came in that direction was a leathery mechanic, Henry (Smookey) Yumick, whose only known racing connection to Detroit was a new 427-cubic-inch engine hidden under the hood of a 1963 Chevrolet. That was some connection, however.

Followers of racing will recall that last June, Henry Ford II withdrew the Ford Motor Company from an Automobile Manufacturers of America agreement of five years' standing which barred the automakers from participating in racing and other speed and high-performance events. Chrysler took to advertising performance with gusto. But General Motors did not follow suit, nor has it yet done so. Indeed, Board Chairman Frederic G. Donner told Detroit newsmen last week that GM had made the AMA "recommendation," as he termed the pact, part of interior GM policy that would stay in effect no matter what other automakers did. But curiously, as became apparent in events preliminary to the Daytona 500, a quartet of '63 Chevrolets with the new 427 engines (the NASCAR maximum is 428) were the hottest cars on the grounds. The Cheves blitzed two 100-mile races, finishing one-two in both (although one was penalized to a lower place on a technicality).

Yet in the victory lane there wasn't a soul who had ever seen GM's Detroit headquarters, except maybe from a car passing by on Woodward Ave. To be sure, there were Robert (Junior) Johnson, 32, a hefty chicken farmer from Ronda, N.C., who had won the first race with an average speed of 164.083 mph, and the man who owns his Chevy, Ray Fox, operator of a Daytona speed specialty garage; there were John Rutherford, 24, of Fort Worth, slight and cheerful, the week's rookie driving sensation and winner of the second race at 162.969 mph, and the owner of his Chevy, Daytona's Henry Yumick, the foxiest tool-and-wrench man in racing.

"How was that, boss?" Rutherford chapped to Yumick. Then to assembled photographers he said, "Here's the man who did it, it wasn't me. I just set there and rode."

It detracts nothing from Yumick's professional skill, however, to point out that the man who really "did it" was the

anonymous Detroit designer of the new Chevy V-1. One awed craftsman, employed by a competitor of GM, paid the engine ultimate tribute (while taking a job at GM's no-racing posture). "A real racing engine," he marveled.

How then did the engine get into Yumick's and the other three hot Chevies? What's more, what about the sweet 1963 Pontiacs in the stable of the Indiana speed specialist, Ray Nichols? And what about the ultraspecial Chevy engines that are going into Indianapolis racers being built on the West Coast by Mickey Thompson, the speed-record king?

If the reader supposes that these are instances of GM's being in racing, he is, at least so GM says, dead wrong. GM has developed nonracing into a high art. To oversimplify an inordinately complicated subject—infested with semantic traps—it seems clear that GM attaches no stigma to racing. It is pleased when GM cars win, it continues, as in the past, to build high-performance components usable in racing cars, but it does not actually field racing teams and will continue not to advertise victories by cars bearing GM names.

One should not forget that in the last seven or eight years General Motors has gained much from high performance. Beginning in the mid-1950s when Edward N. Cole became boss at Chevrolet, the Chevy was transformed from a poky car into a fire-breather. The Corvette sports car emerged and began to win races. Semon (Bunky) Knudsen worked the same magic with Pontiac. Cole is now chief of all GM car and truck divisions, and Knudsen has succeeded him at Chevrolet, queen of the car divisions. Racing men find it impossible to believe that Knudsen was not responsible for 1) providing the first batch of new hot Chevy engines to top mechanics like Yumick, whom he would be pretty sure to recognize if they met on the street; and 2) getting the engine goods to Thompson for his Indy racers.

Ford was provoked to return to overt racing in no small part because GM cars during the ostensible blackout had done so stunningly well in stock cars, sports car and drag races and had successfully won, thereby, the allegiance of many young and young-minded customers. Chrysler, although it promptly followed Ford's lead, has not instilled the same spirit of candor in the men who serve as its stock car racing arm. They are the

*continued*

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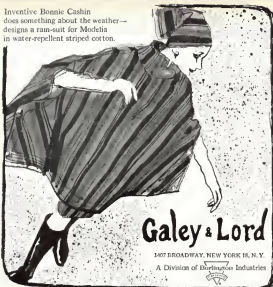
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#### MOTOR SPORTS *continued*

NASCAR veteran Cotton Owens, who builds and campaigns two Dodges, Lee Petty (two Plymouths, one driven by his son Dick); and Jack Smith (one Chrysler). Petty was nothing if not evasive in Daytona the other day: "They [Plymouth] let me play ball and I don't mind playing ball with them. And sometimes they let me bat." By way of contrast, Benson Ford himself, second of the three Ford brothers, showed up for the Friday racing, told the crowd he found the speedway "perfectly beautiful" and settled in for the weekend.

Ford Division Performance Chiefs Jacques Passano and George Merwin were usually to be found in the vicinity of John Holman's shop. As most racing people know, Holman and his partner, Ralph Moody, put into racing trim and then campaigned the outstanding Ford stockers—cars which in 1962 won four of the seven major NASCAR races.

Before Friday, when the Chevrolet engines, if uncommonly powerful, were thought to be too new to be reliable for 500 miles of racing, John Holman was confident that his four Fords were the cars to beat. He was not quite so buoyant after the trouble-free Chevy sweep. More cheerful was Holman's top driver, Fred (Fearless Freddy) Lorenzen, a blond, dimpled, good-looking charger who is said to be the idol of the bobby-sox set in Dixie. "I think," said Freddy, "that I can win the race. I've got a very good feeling."

He was very nearly right. So, too, was Holman. The 500-mile test on Sunday proved just about 250 miles too long for the Chevy engines, which, despite all Smokey Yunick and others could do to get them ready, were still too new to be completely dependable in a grind of that sort. As Benson Ford peered openly and happily at the swift, thunderous cars through yellow-tinted sunglasses, the race—which was delayed nearly two hours by rain—became a Ford parade in its later stages. The first five finishers all were Fords, with Lorenzen's second. He was beaten by 270-pound DeWayne (Tiny) Lund in as popular a result as you are likely to find anywhere. A week earlier Lund had helped drag the winning car's regular driver, Marvin Panch, from a flaming Ford-engined Maserati. His reward was Sunday's ride. Even a GM man wouldn't begrudge victory to a man like that—and he shouldn't. The Chevies will be back.

END











SPORTING LOOK / *Jo Ahern Zilk*



Until this year the things a person wore boating were mostly regulation—denim, khaki or just old clothes—depending on what part of the world he boated in. There were a few anchor-embroidered middies, but they were strictly for the landlubbers. Now the number of recreational boats in use adds up to 7.5 million. There are 3.5 million American families afloat, and the boat makers are confident they will sell another 300,000 this year.

## A BURST OF COLOR AFLOAT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT ERWITT



As a consequence, there is an explosion of style that parallels the colorful revolution in ski wear eight years ago. Shown here and on the following pages are new boating togs that range from sturdy parkas like those worn aboard *Weatherly* in the America's Cup races to colorful Polynesian print cover-ups, suitable for an uncomplicated cruise on a catamaran. The new look is international—at the left, for example, Okky Offerhaus comes into Rio de Janeiro harbor in a water-repellent, lightweight nylon *ciré* parka from Malmo of Sweden and basic sleeveless turtle-neck and shorts by White Stag of Portland.

CONTINUED



**T**he yachtman's wardrobe is an ocean taker needs a lightweight, water-repellent parka that will keep him warm from ears to knees, with a hood that can be tacked into the collar and watertight zipped pockets. The one at the left, of Reesars-coated cotton duck with interlining of foam and brushed nylon, was made by Jules Andre of New York to the specifications of the parka worn by Bos Mossbacher, skipper of the America's Cup defender. Here it is worn over Duofold's new zippered-hurricane pullover. The fair-weather cranks off the California coast (right) are wearing lightweight water-repellent nylon parkas. Judy Gairwood's is from Dair Sport, her cotton twill St. Tropez hip-riders and bare-midriff top are from Evan-Phone. Juniors Actor-Singer John Holland's parka, by Sportcoaster, has a hidden hood, Solidu costume and mesh underarm ventilation.

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**WINTER TO BEAT** Page 40: Mahon parka (1540), imported by Marlene Ohn, New York; Page 42: Pika (1590) by Jules Andre, New York; The Shot's Wind, Loose Profile Woods, Michigan; Duofold pullover (58) Page 43: Dair parka (590), Norman-Marcus, Sals Fifth Avenue; Evan-Phone pants (51) top (59), Famous-Barr, St. Louis; Kaituma's Pittsburgh Sportswear parka (517), Brian's, Marina, Seattle; Kurt's, Beverly Hills; Page 44: Lily parka (518) and pants (516) Bonnie Heller, New York; Bellack's Santa Ana and San Fernando, Joseph Maginn, San Francisco; Norman-Marcus; Page 45: Engel parka (530), Sals Fifth Avenue; nixy wool sailing pants (525-56) Philip Torkel, Los Angeles; Page 46: Berkey Cavanaugh Rigby shirt (58) Philip-Torkel, Paul Stuart, New York; Scrapp-Vanderweert-Barnes, St. Louis; Lee R. Wilson Dallas.

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CONTINUED





HAWAII, the first landfall to the west of these California waters, was the inspiration for the Polynesian flora blooming on this new fair-weather sailing suit. The sun-shielding cotton parka and pants, designed by Vicki Cooper for Ulla, are worn on a catamaran cruise by Judy Garwood. At right, John Holland prepares to change headsails of the 50-foot racing sloop *Legend*, which will be headed for Honolulu during this July's transpacific race, skippered by its owner, Charles Ullman of Balboa. Holland's water-repellent nylon jersey parka, a new bright red, was designed by Ernst Engel. His chill-weather sailing pants are extra-heavy wool broadcloth.

CONTINUED





Crew of the *Hu Ka Moani*, a 58-foot catamaran, cruises San Pedro Bay in colors borrowed from the playing fields of England. Cotton-knit shirts are team pull-overs of British Rugby teams, a new hit all across America for beach and boating.

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# A cozy show of coexistence

Russian and Swedish skaters piled up the gold medals, but Japanese officials set some sort of record for pushing international brotherhood

With one eye on the host's role for next year's Olympics and the other on the political pitfalls of international sport, Japanese officials made elaborate plans to foster cozy coexistence at this week's World Speed Skating Championships at Karuizawa, 190 miles north of Tokyo. Though it has no diplomatic relations with Red China, North Korea, Mongolia or East Germany, the Japanese government granted visas to skaters of those countries. It also banned flags and national anthems except at the victory ceremony. All 90 competitors would be fed and housed together and travel together.

Predictably, there were a few small hassles. South Korea pulled out as its government forbade competition against North Korea. Whereupon North Korea filed a formal demand (rejected) that it be labeled the People's Democratic Republic of Korea instead of simply North Korea. The Chinese Mongolians and North Koreans broke the travel-together rule to take a separate train. And there were complaints about the menu. The North Koreans demanded more rice. The four Mongolians said that the lack of goat meat and goat's milk impaired their chances. The Norwegians grouched that they had no black bread, and raided Norwegian ships in Tokyo harbor to procure a supply. But considering what has happened at other international meets recently, Karuizawa was a model. Each day crowds of 11,000 turned out, including a small Communist clique that loudly cheered the Chinese and North Koreans, politely applauded the Russians and host Japanese and greeted other competitors with stony silence.

Much gamesmanship preceded the men's races. The favored Norwegians, Swedes and Russians seldom went on the ice, and when they did they loafed through their workouts to frustrate opposition coaches who lined the practice rink with snopwatches. Instead, they did

endless calisthenics and jogged through the halls. Meanwhile, their coaches, to dodge the favorite's role, moaned that the skaters were afflicted with everything from colds to blisters.

In the women's division, however, there was no attempt at gamesmanship. The powerful Soviet skaters had won the ladies' world championship 11 straight years, and Coach Leonid Nikonov admitted frankly that "this is my best team ever." And indeed it was. The best of the Russian women, pert, 21-year-old Lyda Skoblikova, was absolutely unbeatable. She won all four ladies' races at 500, 1,000, 1,500 and 3,000 meters, broke her own world record at 1,000 by clocking 1:31.8. Right below Skoblikova were four teammates who finished two-three-four-five. Said Soviet Coach Nikonov, "We have another half dozen at home almost as good as these. I only wish our men were as good as our women."

But the Soviet male skaters were badly off form at Karuizawa, all save matchless old Evgeny Grishin, who hasn't been beaten at 500 meters in seven years. He won his specialty again but failed to qualify for the overall championship. The surprise hero of the men's competition was Sweden's Jonny Nilsson, a stocky, 19-year-old gamesman who had kept himself skillfully out of the favorite's role until the action got under way. Then, skating against Knut Johannessen in a 10,000-meter heat, in an opaque snowstorm that coated his face and shoulders in white, Nilsson left his opponent fully 300 yards astern and took 13.6 seconds off Johannessen's record in clocking 15:33. Nilsson also set world records for the 5,000-meter (7:34.3), overall scoring (178.447) and for bland confidence. In appraising his smashing victory, he said afterward, "It came easily to me. I have been skating only three years. Perhaps I will get even better as I grow older and gain better technique."

END

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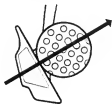
**"Ordinary" sets are only half-matched.** Diagram shows how identical shafts are used for more than one club head in the set.

**2**

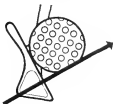
**"Wilson Staff Dynapower irons put club head weight behind the ball."**

—Cary Middlecoff, former  
U.S. Open - Masters Champion

"Wilson's exclusive Dynapower iron design helps you get more distance and greater control because club head weight is *behind* the ball as it rises up the club face before taking off."



**Wilson Dynapower principle** flares club head weight behind the ball to increase effective hitting area.



**"Ordinary" irons** waste power with improper weight distribution that minimizes effective hitting area.

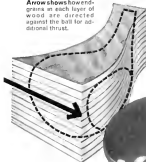
**3**

**"Wilson Strata-Bloc woods can't warp, swell or split."**

—Sam Snead, former  
Masters - PGA Champion

"You've got to go for distance if you want to be in the front row when they hand out the prize money. Wilson's Strata-Bloc woods help you get more distance than ordinary woods because they direct the strong end-grains against the ball for more power."

Arrow shows how end-grains in each layer of wood are directed against the ball for additional thrust.



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## Upland shooting down on Florida's Gold Coast

Wintering sportsmen are enjoying some of the South's best sport just a few minutes' ride from Florida's most fashionable beaches

**T**his month, at the peak of its season, Palm Beach can boast the greatest concentration in the world of inch-square diamonds, block-long yachts, beautifully dressed women and heavily bankrolled men. It can also boast some of the finest quail shooting anywhere.

The idea of quail shooting in Palm Beach is somewhat startling; a stroll down Worth Avenue hardly suggests the

outdoor life. But the scenery changes dramatically just 25 minutes from the sparkling shops and beaches of society's winter capital. West of the Sunshine State Parkway, trimmed lawns and palm-lined avenues abruptly give way to great open fields of wire grass and stands of longleaf pine—an ideal setting for the 24,000-acre shooting preserve operated by William A. Bonnette Jr.

For years Bonnette, a retired Navy warrant officer, had been spending his leaves wandering, shotgun in hand, among the palmettos of his native Palm Beach County. As far as Bonnette was concerned, there was better bird hunting around here than anywhere else in the U.S., but each year he found less and less of it available for public shooting. The birds, especially quail, were still there—if anything in increasing numbers—but as cattle ranches and citrus groves moved westward into Florida's interior, posted signs and fences followed. "Eventually I was spending as much time on leave hunting for a place to hunt," he recalls, "as I spent actually shooting."

Bonnette decided to do something about it. Two years ago, fresh out of the Navy, he began leasing shooting rights on lands in the vicinity of Palm Beach. By midwinter he had lined up 1,000 acres, obtained the necessary preserve permits, posted his own signs and talked half a dozen well-heeled wintering sportsmen into buying memberships in a loosely organized shooting club.

The dues collected from these initial memberships were imme-

diately converted to additional leases and, surprisingly, Bonnette didn't have to look far for available land. In fact, soon he didn't have to look at all. As word of his project spread, the landed gentry of Palm Beach County started coming to him. People like Philip and Stewart Iglehart were delighted at the prospect of making money on vast, unimproved tracts of land they held principally for future appreciation.

By the time the preserve season opened last October, less than a year after he entered the business, Bonnette had under lease 24,000 acres of the choicest quail-shooting land in Florida, a membership list that read like *Who's Who* and a reputation that extended across the border into Canada. "It just started rolling," Bonnette says, "and it hasn't stopped yet. Everyone who hunts here once seems to come back with two friends, and they in turn come back with two more. I haven't had to advertise because the shooters have been doing it for me."

Proof that contented customers do a good job is Delmer C. Bodkin of Irlington, Ontario, who flew into Bonnette's by private plane two weeks ago for a day's shoot. The week before, a fellow member of Bodkin's trout-fishing club in Ontario had sent him a Bonnette brochure. Scrawled in red crayon across the front were six words: "Twenty quail in two hours. Fabulous!"

"It was 10 below zero up there," Bodkin said, "and I knew this fellow wasn't the kind to exaggerate, so I just thought I'd better drop in and take a look. He wasn't kidding. I've taken a basket of birds so far." Bodkin left with a dozen brochures, each earmarked for a friend.

The phenomenal success of Bonnette's Palm Beach preserve is based on a combination of factors, not the least of which is a nationwide trend toward preserve shooting. For the past two decades sportsmen everywhere have watched their happy hunting grounds sprout supermarkets and drive-in theaters, until now about the only bag they can expect to bring home is a plastic one filled with popcorn. Preserves offer hunters a chance to enjoy more of their sport with less effort. Seasons are longer (six months in most states), game more plentiful, and traveling time to and from a shoot is shorter than in most wild hunting. Such convenience has lured a lot of people onto preserves who might otherwise never hunt at all. And as the preserve

*continued*



BILL BONNETTE RUNS PALM BEACH PRESERVE



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movement has boomed through 44 states some of the very hunters who originally criticized it the loudest are now sheepishly lauding it.

Their turnaround is not without reason. Preserve shooting, too, has undergone a turnaround in recent years. A typical "hunt" is no longer a matter of planting an unconscious bird in the middle of an open field and leading a duke by the hand up to it. Preserve hunting today in a really well-run operation like Bonnette's closely approximates wild hunting. At the beginning of this season, for example, Bonnette released some 8,000 birds, mainly quail. By midwinter, in the superb cover and feed his land offers, these birds had not only reverted to a semi-wild state but many had joined up with groups of wild birds.

One-third of the quail taken on Bonnette's preserve this past month were native wild birds. With such a ratio, the sport has got to be good. Proof that it is are the first-class hunters—people like Leon and Carol Mandel, Paul Butler and daughter Aerie Kendall, Tommy Shelvin, Margo and Ed Crawford, Mrs. Frances Kellogg, George Gore, Jim Kimberly and a dozen others who can and do shoot on the best hunting grounds in the world—who keep coming back to Bonnette's for more.

If anyone is qualified to comment on what is or is not sporting shooting, longtime outdoorsman James Van Aken probably is the man. Recently Van Aken and his wife slipped away from the beach to visit Bonnette's for the first time. He arrived with an open mind and definite misgivings. He left smiling, a membership application in his hand and a package of plucked quail under his arm.

"It was really very good, very good," he said, still visibly surprised at his own satisfaction. "Yes, very good. I didn't think I would enjoy it so much. That young fellow has done a good job."

Van Aken, of course, had hit upon a key factor in the success of Bonnette's preserves—Bonnette himself. Tanned and handsome, with an engaging smile and laugh-crinkled eyes, Bonnette at 45 looks and dresses like a theatrical version of a wealthy cattle rancher. His handling of a dog and a shotgun is faultless, and both seem to perform for Bill Bonnette as they never would for anyone else. What makes this remarkable is that Bonnette is as much a new-

comer to dog training as he is to shooting preserves.

"First he read books," says Bonnette's blonde wife, Jane. "Everything he could get his hands on. He sent away for all kinds of technical manuals on game breeding and management, and he memorized them all. Then he started visiting game farms and preserves. He must have covered 100 and corresponded with at least half of their operators."

"The next thing I knew we were raising baby quail in our backyard. Then Bill brought home a few pointing pups to learn all about them. When he wasn't dog-training, usually with a book of instructions in one hand, he was listening to records to learn quail whistles. Most of our Navy friends decided he had gone to the dogs and birds."

The rewards of Bonnette's self-exile is a game preserve that has become, in less than a year, one of the finest in the U.S. It is already a paying proposition. He has combined public and private shooting in one overall program. A season's membership at \$1,250 in Bluefield, as Bonnette calls the private northern portion of his preserve, entitles a hunter and his wife to 200 quail, three wild turkeys, two deer, unlimited wild boar and accommodations, if they want them, in a comfortable, modern clubhouse.

Bluefield members may also hunt at Hood Road, the southern portion of Bonnette's preserve, but this area is also open to public, or day, shooters. The minimum daily charge of \$35 entitles a hunter to shoot eight quail (additional quail are \$3.50 each, wild turkeys \$40), and to the use of all Hood Road facilities, dogs, guides and equipment.

#### **Small charge for a fast freeze**

The clubhouses at Hood Road and Bluefield were decorated by Jane Bonnette, who has her own decorating business in Palm Beach. They are handsome, immaculate and staffed with excellent cooks and attendants who will clean, pick and fast-freeze the day's bag for a small charge. Bonnette keeps a collection of rental shotguns at Hood Road for vacationers who come south unarmed, and he also stocks ammunition, preserve shooting licenses (\$5.25) and a line of hunting boots.

There are some 30 dogs (mainly English pointers, with a scattering of setters and one coal-black pointer-Weimaraner cross that is Bonnette's favorite), divided between the kennels at Bluefield and Hood Road. In place of horses, used

extensively for quail shooting in other parts of the South, Bonnette has designed a fleet of 11 hunting jeeps. They are equipped with customary four-wheel drive for covering the rough Florida terrain, fold-down windshields, gun racks, padded gunholders, double winches and beverage coolers, and they are mounted with double dog boxes on the back that form a base for elevated spotting seats high above the ground.

Customarily, the hunters perch on these seats, African-style, until after the dogs have been released and had a chance to cover some of the ground. As soon as a dog goes on point, visible often only from above, the hunters climb down. They usually continue hunting on foot, at least until they are ready to move to another area. The dogs, remarkably, seem to adjust their pace to the hunters, ranging wide when they are in the jeep and much closer when they are traveling on foot.

Some of Bonnette's dogs also have an uncanny ability to adjust instantly from one kind of game to another. He has a liver-and-white pointer named Spot, for example, who can easily hold his own against any quail champion in the country. One morning last week Spot was hauled out before dawn to an area where several turkeys had been seen the evening before. With the first gray rays of morning, when turkeys usually leave their roosts to forage, the hunters crept blindly into a heavily thickened stand of pines. Spot bounded eagerly ahead.

Suddenly he stiffened on point; a huge bird labored with a whoosh of wings into the air, and Spot charged off through the dense brush barking like a coon dog on scent. He skidded to a halt at the base of a tree and, squatting back on his haunches, raised his nose to the still-dark sky and howled at his quarry. This was the same Spot who in 49 coveys of quail the day before had never broken a single point or uttered a single sound.

"How did he know he was supposed to be hunting turkeys now?" one of the hunters asked.

"Well, I'll tell you," Kirby Smith, the guide, answered, "any dog knows nobody would be hunting quail this hour of the day."

Really outstanding performances like Spot's are typical of the quality that distinguishes all hunting at Bill Bonnette's. It is the kind of quality—in dogs, land, equipment, guides, game and, most important, sport—that is giving new stature to preserve shooting. **END**

# THE ONLY GAME





# IN PANGUITCH, UTAH

Basketball is the winter sport obsession of small-town America, and nowhere is this more evident than in water-poor but tall-boy-rich Panguitch, where high school hero Wally Ortman stands in a vacant corral that serves as makeshift court for the neighborhood

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

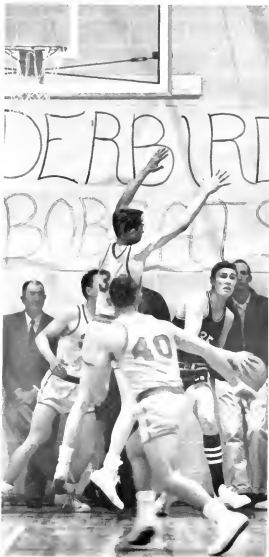


## 'THOSE BOBCATS CAN'T BE BEAT'

The only thing that stood between Donald Ortmann and basketball was his terrible modesty. Lank, limby and obviously out for the game, Don Ortmann would gladly play for Pangutch High, he told the coach in 1936, but not if it meant taking off his long pants. The coach, equally inflexible, could not agree ("Long pants?" he shrieked. "Out there on the court? Long pants?"), and Pangutch, Utah had to wait until Don's son Wally grew up before it could fully appreciate the Ortmann family.

Nowadays, unabashed by the sight of his bare legs, Wally Ortmann wears the conventional blue-and-white briefs of the undefeated Pangutch team and receives vast quantities of Pangutchian appreciation. This includes being a principal conversation topic on U.S. Highway 89 (Main Street) and at the Latter-Day Saints Social Hall and around the corner at Daly's pool and billiard retreat. Rhyming couplets are composed by adoring teenage girls: "The score goes up, that player, golly! He's real neat, his name is Wally." His younger brothers, Kenny and Dennis, bask in his prominence and beg him to teach them to buck-dribble. They consider the time golden when Wally gets with them at the make-do court in the vacant corral across the road. His girl, Barbara, has promised to retrieve the ring and picture she gave to another boy after the Pangutch coach, Bob Davis, a purist, got the team to swear off girls for the season.

Wally's gray-haired mother is still his most devoted fan. She recounts Pangutch basketball lore—like the time the "sore losers" from Marysvale sat fire to a neighbor's car—while she struggles with the heavy butter for Wally's favorite boiled-ruin cake or punctiliously launders his uniform. Sometimes she cries to herself as she watches him disappear up the gravel road, walking, bag in hand, to the Pangutch gym on game nights. "It's sad for parents, the way time flies," she says. "We're content and we stay. Where can we go now? But when the

*continued*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICH CLARKSON

*Here'er the Babbits go their  
 fans follow, hopes high and  
 hearts up filling the bus together  
 with song and nothing  
 unsportsmanlike, of our basket case  
 of Mexico left behind.*



*Prized to end full in run game his  
 battles gloves, Brent Tarrick  
 prepares to pass (opponent). During  
 time-out Cheerleader Melbae  
 Melbae (below), nearest camera  
 inspires 250 partisan voices.*



children get out of school, they always go. There's nothing here to keep them."

Panguitch, Utah is a blinking amber light at a dogleg on U.S. 89, 170 miles southwest of the nearest big town, Provo, and roughly along what Salt Lake City sensationalists imagine to be the bee line taken by itinerant bank robbers and high rollers heading west for Las Vegas. A brush with such glamorous villains was suspected in Panguitch last winter when the drugstore was robbed, but other than that, Panguitch doesn't qualify as much of a sin town. The local *Garfield County News* reported some time ago that when a woman in nearby Escalante called to report a robbery, the sheriff (since retired) instructed her to please get the name and address of the crook and he'd be over to make the arrest.

Panguitch (Ute Indian for "big fish") squats in a water-scarce trough between the Parowan Range on the west and the Panguitch Plateau, a branch of the Wasatch Mountains, on the east. Deer are plentiful in the hills, and no self-respecting Panguitch boy will go a season without getting his buck; venison is, therefore, staple fare in Panguitch. The area is 6,560 feet above a sea most Panguitchians have never seen, and is crisscrossed with irrigation ditches partly filled with snow this time of year. It is a gray land studded with cottonwood, ponderosa pine and native fir, but mostly there is sagebrush, uninspiring, mile after mile. The beauty is in the mountains, where there are vivid streaks of red beneath peaks that seem to have been confectioned with Reddi-Wip.

**B**ecause of the water shortage the population of Panguitch—1,435—has remained almost constant since the turn of the century. The people are interested in outsiders ("I have never seen a Negro," said the mother of one of the basketball players) and inquisitive about their tastes, yet they are at a loss to explain the red in their own mountains. The state's largest sawmill is at Panguitch, and there are alfalfa farms and small cattle ranches that vie for the water, but the lifeblood of the community is a million dollars' worth of tourists and hunters each year. There are 13 modern motels

and nine gas stations to snare the traveler within the town limits. In summer the principal attraction is Bryce Canyon, a sort of Grand Canyon in miniature 25 miles to the southeast (Grand Canyon itself is only 175 miles south). The hunters come by the hundreds in the fall. The sign outside town discriminates only against "peddlers and hawkers" (licenses required) and "noisy mufflers and cut-outs." Panguitch cafe food is hearty and the hospitality is, too, despite regiments of big-city parking meters. (This winter a second-string Panguitch High basketball player called Whips is famous for his fancy dribbling and fakes between and around the meters.)

The town's religious preference is Mormon, by 95%—which makes it a challenge for a visitor to achieve a social cup of coffee. The town's passion is basketball, and it is a challenge for anybody to talk about anything else. Bill Coltrane, a high school sports writer for the *Salt Lake City Tribune*, stopped in Panguitch while vacationing last summer and was assailed by a delegation of townspeople eager to stuff him with details on the great team Coach Bob Davis was going to have. "But friends, this is July," protested Coltrane. "Nobody talks basketball in July."

"We do!" chorused the delegates.

The Panguitch team had won its 16th straight and appeared well on its way to the state Class B championship when Photographer Rich Clarkson and I checked into the New Western Motel down the street from the school the other day. We had driven the 71 miles from Cedar City, the nearest airport town. "You'll find people in this part of the country are very friendly," said the proprietor of the New Western, a native named Clarence Cameron. "Now, you'll be in rooms 15 and 16. But before you unpack, let me tell you about our basketball team. They've won 16 straight. Could be better than that '57 bunch that won the state championship. And *that* was an exciting team. Never knew what they were going to do.

"Anyway, this could be the best we've ever had. They're fine boys, too, all of them. Joe Riggs is our little guard. We call him the Little General. Smart, very sensitive kid. His father runs the AG

market in town. Just built a new house. Brent Turck is the big boy who scores so many points. His dad works for the state parks. Good job, Wally Ortman's dad has had a lot of bad luck. Been very sick. Wally's a great shooter. Lou Tebb's dad is a rancher and a state legislator. Ned Richards' dad is the postmaster. They're big boys. Seem to get bigger every year. But listen. Let Bob Davis tell you about how they got to be the first five in the first place. Quite a scandal. Took a lot of courage on Bob's part."

Mrs. Cameron passed out dishes of peanut butter fudge ("It's my specialty") and said it wasn't unusual of a game night for Mr. Cameron to run back and forth from the motel to the gym, huffing and puffing, to get progressive accounts of the scoring. "We play Bryce Valley tonight," she said, "but there's not a seat to be had. The gym is sold out for the year. All 250 seats."

"We're getting a brand-new gym next year," said the proprietor. "Blueprints are already in. It'll cost \$380,000 and will seat 2,300 people, which is 2,000 more than it'll seat now and 1,000 more than we've got people. But we're aiming to bring in the Region 9 tournament."

"Basketball," he said, "is really it in this town. Look around you at all the nets and goals in the backyards. There's as many backboards as there are TV antennas. In some places there was a basketball goal before there was indoor plumbing. Some of them still don't have indoor plumbing."

"Actually, there's no other diversion in the winter," said another Panguitch man. "Except the movie house and the pool hall. And the movie screen has a big slice in it where a kid threw a piece of cardboard. The slice always shows up on the hero's nose. And as for the pool hall, that's no place for a youngster."

"The pool hall is the blight of the community. Always has been," said a third man. "The idle brain is the devil's workshop."

Down the street there was only a handful of cars in front of the high school though it was 2 o'clock. This, it was explained, was because only a handful of Panguitch High School kids could afford cars. The bright yellow-and-silver Chev-

continued

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No slacker is the rule, but players Riggs, Orison and Tibbs found these seats without a hard-fought match.

## PANGUITCH

rolet, souped up to 250 horsepower, belonged to Dr. Sims Duggins' son Rodney. The Studebaker with the bongo drums in the back belonged to the marshal's son, and it was given to him because his father didn't want him flitting around in the patrol car.

There were sheep and cows in the yard across the street from the school. (Panguitch zoning restrictions, said the hotel proprietor, maybe aren't what they ought to be.) The school is a compact, two-story, huff-brick building built to last in 1937. It is right next door to the older Panguitch Junior High, which is condemned but still in use. Standing on the steps out front, one can feel the throb of the physed students pounding around in the gym upstairs, can smell the pasty being burned in the home ec oven and can hear, from somewhere, a struggling concert soloist playing *The Nutcracker Suite*, or is it *Blue Bird Blues*?

Enrollment at Panguitch is 110, of which 64 are boys. The principal, Clifford LeFevre, a bright, middle-aged man, says he gave up ranching to return to education, and this explained the huge hide of a Hereford steer that covered one

wall of his tiny office. He has a staff of only 13 and therefore requires double duty from some faculty members. In addition to his own job, LeFevre teaches biology and speech. Wrestling Coach Allen Smith is also the music teacher and directs the 30-piece band. Basketball Coach Davis instructs in math and makes a stab at trigonometry. Davis will be qualified in chemistry as soon as he completes the biweekly course at Cedar City. Teachers get nothing extra for coaching, so Davis, father of five, with a sixth due in June (his annual salary is \$4,750), works summers at the slaughterhouse in Kanah and is always on call when somebody in Panguitch needs a pig butchered or some linoleum laid. "Bob can do just about anything he sets his mind to," says Principal LeFevre.

Couch Davis is a tall, curly-haired, handsome man of 32 with a crank-and-go voice and a knowledge of basketball gleaned mostly from books ("I didn't play when I was at Brigham Young, you see"). Sitting in Principal LeFevre's office, he talked about the intricacies of his offense and how he had decided to use a double post this year. Then he was

asked about the basketball scandal he'd cleared up, and about his moratorium on dating. How did a coach cope with such explosive issues?

"A couple of years ago," he said soberly, "I discovered some of the boys on the team—all of the first five, in fact—were smoking and drinking. I passed on a warning and let it ride, hoping they'd see the light. Well, there was this party, cigarettes and beer. A couple of the boys joined in only because they knew if I found out and was going to do anything I'd have to go against them all. That's what I did. I made a clean sweep and the next thing you know we're starting a bunch of sophomores—Brent and Wally and Joe and Lou. It was tough going for a while. I don't imagine I was too popular a fellow down at the pool hall. But it was a blessing in disguise. This team found itself. You'll see tonight. And I didn't have to worry about them. They made their own training rules and they abide by them. They're good boys."

Did they honest and truly give up girls on their own?

"Well, not exactly," said Davis, clearing his throat. "But rules are rules. Even

*continued*



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In World Series his 3-run homer won the 5th game and his spectacular catch saved the 7th.

now I have to get after them for standing around the halls moaning. There'll be plenty of time for that after the state tournament."

Principal LeFevre and his visitors stepped out into the hall. Basketball star Turek, tall and blond, and basketball star Riggs, short and bunnet, were lounging by the locker of Cheerleader Melanie McEwen, soft and dreamy. "See what Coach means?" said LeFevre. On the bulletin board there was a huge chart divided into 40 squares. The first few squares had been crossed off with bold black strokes. "Count-Down Calendar," read the title, and LeFevre explained that the girls had put up the poster as a reminder of that day of salvation when the ball boys, as they are called in Pangutch, would be freed from Davis' clutches. "Happy days are here again!" said the caption under the last square.

As part of the general displeasure with the rules, Sophomore Sandra Crofts had written a poem (English Teacher Irene McEwen, Melanie's lovely mother, is very strong on poetry). The poem was called "Ball Season," and it portrayed the grim life of the boyless world of Pangutch girls and the girlless world of basketball players. "In bed every night, right at 10," Sandra had written sagely, "Being on the team is like being locked in a pen." She went on to say that all a girl does every day is go home to mother, and predicted that soon the girls will be dousing their hair with Brylcreem for something to run their fingers through.

The Pangutch gym was filled to popping for the game with Bryce Valley. In a front-row seat Hot Rodney Duggins, the doctor's son, pointed out that on both sides the fans were sticking out onto the playing court. This was all right, he said, because it made it impossible for a Pangutch player to go out-of-bounds. Rodney's father leaned over to say that in days past, when crowds were not so orderly, the corners of the playing floor would actually round off with people.

The Pangutch junior varsity players were on the preliminary game as the key decisions by the two officials, both Pangutch High faculty members, consistently went in their favor. "Think they're prejudiced?" said Rodney, winking wild-

ly. Dr. Duggins said that this was, after all, just the preliminary, but he remembered a Pangutch varsity game in Marysville when the timekeeper kept the clock between his knees, hidden from view, and the last 17 seconds took half an hour. "Then there was the referee who gave the opposition the ball while Pangutch was out getting a drink of water. The other team scored," said Dr. Duggins, "and one of our lady fans fainted on the spot." By this time the preliminary game was over and Official Malloy Dodds came over to join the conversation. When he was playing for Pangutch, he said, the ladies of Escalante used to line the street outside after a game and throw their high-heeled shoes at the Pangutch players.

The varsity game began, and Dr. Duggins noted with pride that he had delivered every boy on the starting team. "The starting teams of both schools," he added. Melanie McEwen and her cheerleaders soon had the metal-roofed Pangutch gym, the exact acoustical equivalent of a rural mullock, rocking with repetition: "Baskets! Baskets! Baskets, boys! / You make the baskets, we'll make the noise!" The boys responded, after a slow start, and soon were making baskets as fast as Melanie's group could suggest them.

**S**til, Bryce Valley, which had won only once previously, clung to the lead. It was sacrilege, said a Pangutch father, Coach Davis called for time. "Posing," he said to the Bobcats. "You saw a photographer out there and you started posing." He sat back down. "Slow starts, slow starts," he muttered. "Times like this we couldn't throw the ball into the Great Salt Lake." Lou Tibbs slumped beside him, momentarily relieved of his job at forward. "Have you ever seen a worse basketball player than me?" he asked. "I think I probably have," said Coach Davis absently.

The tide, inexorable as it always is for the better, taller team, began to change. Joe Riggs made six straight points, and Brent Turek and Wally Ortman seemed to get every rebound. Six, eight, 10, 20 ahead. The Bobcats piled it on.

They were very big up to their credits. The 6-foot-3, 180-pound Turek played with exceptional basketball sense, timing

and touch. His rebounding was superb. Wally Ortman's back dribble evoked many a long ah, and little Joe Riggs—"inspired," his mother said afterward when the parents got together on the floor—scored 16 points on long one-hand shots. "Unh-unh, Unh-unh, those Bobcats can't beat it!" cheered the cheerleaders. Bryce Valley became Pangutch's 17th victim, 71-48, and the state tournament was just five games away.

"Now what do we do?" I asked Hot Rodney as the crowd filed out. It was barely 10 o'clock.

"Nothing to do," said Rodney despairingly. "Unless—" He brightened. "Unless you want to ride up and down Main Street a couple times."

The next day, training rules notwithstanding, there remained the question of whether little Joe Riggs or big Brent Turek was in the lead with the beautiful Melanie. Between classes, Mrs. McEwen discussed this, but first she brought out a bundle of papers, the classroom compositions of Joe Riggs. One was entitled "Marriage Before Education?" and in it Joe wrote, "To a teenager of a small county town who has any forethought into the problems of the near future, the bonds of matrimony is a dread."

"Look at the others," said Mrs. McEwen. There was a poem, "Pangutch," in which Joe vowed to stay in his home town "forever," and a thesis on the multiple horrors of opiate analgesics. They were well written. On one of them, Mrs. McEwen had scribbled, "You're such a swell guy."

"This is a smart, sensitive boy," she said. "But, most important, he realizes there's more to this world—and should be more to Pangutch—than basketball. Oh, they know how I feel," she went on, eyes flashing. "I'm still as much a fan as anybody. Go to all the games. But I'm also the oldest teacher here. My husband and I have been in the motel business and we have been in many places and seen many things. We're going to Hawaii next month and we're going to send Melanie to Paris to school if she wants to go. What I'm driving at is this: as a teacher, I want a great deal more for these kids, these very fine, wonderful kids, than just a score and a winning streak."

continued



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Her voice had been rising. She stopped.

"Now," she continued quietly, "Melanie was named after that fine young woman in *Gone With The Wind*, the one with such high character. I'm pleased to say Melanie has lived up to the image. And as for her love life, that's pretty much her own business."

Brent Turek, the third corner of the triangle, lives in Hatch, a village of 198 people, 16 miles south of Panguitch. In "My Story," a composition for Mrs. McEwen, Brent depicted himself as being initially amazed by how fast the crowd was at Panguitch High and how dumb he must have seemed. The night after the Bryce Valley game Mrs. Turek, a large, friendly, pink-faced woman, served a dinner of venison, rice, pear salad with strips of cheese, great slices of homemade bread baked in a wood-burning stove and milk. "I'm really very sorry," she said, "but there's no coffee." She said they didn't get much company

in Hatch, and coffee-drinking strangers are rare. "It was funny last fall," she said. "Two bandits were supposed to be on the loose and the man on the radio said to lock your doors. Nobody in Hatch owns a lock."

It was suggested to Brent that he obviously had a talent for basketball and would surely get a scholarship offer. But what of the fair Melanie?

"Oh, gee, she's Joe's girl now, I guess," said Brent modestly. "I'm no heart smasher. Besides, girls are plenty destructive. 'Come on, come on, you don't have to be in training all the time,' that's what they say. Not Melanie, mind you, but some of them."

"Say, listen, I'd like to tell you a few things about the Mormon religion. I won't try to convert you or anything, but you'd be surprised how important it is in our lives and how much we help each other. It's a good feeling to be in touch with people. Tonight I'm going

up to the Little ranch to give them the monthly lesson. As a priest—you get to be a priest when you're 16—I'm supposed to give a lesson to two families a month. Come along and see."

The Little ranch was another five miles south and apparently had fared poorly in the last 100 years. A simple unfrosted light bulb illuminated the tiny living room. There were pictures of old people on the walls, and a frayed Indian blanket covered the sofa. Mrs. Little, a painfully thin, bright-eyed woman of 77, sat rocking in a misshapen black chair, her furlined boots unbuckled after a long day. As Brent gave the lesson—"Honor thy father and thy mother"—she nodded approvingly, interrupting on occasion to test him with a question.

When the lesson was over she said, "He's a fine boy, isn't he? And a fine Mormon. And isn't that a fine basketball team he's on? Undefeated, you know."

END

On month's teaching mission for his church, Brent Turek reads lesson to a Murwen family at ranch near his home.





How many of these sports leaders can you name? 1. Sir Edmund Hillary, conqueror of Mt. Everest. 2. Bill Holland, holder of nine hydroplane and revolution speed records. 3. Jack Tynan, Captain of Guinness Royal. 4. Adolph Kiefer, Olympic 400-meter champ. 5. Doug Ford, one of golf's top P.G.A. money winners. 6. Bob Mathias, Olympic decathlon champ. 7. Buddy Watson, designer for many world-class athletes. 8. Ed Laskowski, highest 100-year bowling average of A.B.C. 9. Murray Chandler, past president Outdoor Writer's Association of America. 10. And, of course, Ted Williams, one of baseball's greatest hitters. Not present for photo: Terry Brennan, former Notre Dame player and coach; Othmar Schneider, Olympic skiing champion. You'll find Ted Williams approved sports equipment at Sears stores and in the Sears Catalog. Remember, you can always charge them on Sears Revolving Charge.

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Williams name, it must be personally approved by a member of his Staff. It must be thoroughly proved by the Sears laboratory. And it must be given a final okay by Ted Williams himself.

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# Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

The lineup for the postseason tournaments was taking shape last week, with the majority of the country's top 10 teams headed for the NCAA. Assured of all but one of the 15 major conference winners, the NCAA has defending champion Cincinnati (Missouri Valley), Arizona State (Western AC), Texas (Southwest) and St. Joseph's (Mid-Atlantic) already in, along with some strong independents: NYU (15-21, Pitt (17-5), Loyola of Chicago (22-1), Notre Dame (16-7), Colorado State (17-4), Texas Western (17-5), Oklahoma City (17-7), Seattle (18-5), Utah State (20-5) and Oregon State (15-7).

Meanwhile, New York's National Invitation Tournament was still working on its 12-team field. Miami (21-4), Providence (17-4), Memphis State (17-5), Canisius (16-5), Wichita (16-7) and Marquette (14-7) have accepted. Still hopeful are Idaho (18-4), Niagara (12-4), Penn State (14-5), La Salle (15-6), Temple (14-6), Fordham (15-7), St. Louis (15-8) and Houston (14-10).

## THE EAST

Just as long as Notre Dame's aggressive Jay Miller was where he could keep a watchful eye—and a too firm hand—on NYU's Barry Kramer, the Irish did just fine. They even led 44-36 early in the second half. But then Miller got into foul trouble and Kramer got going. Scoring a total of 29 points, he led NYU to an 80-79 win.

It seemed that St. Joseph's was in for an easy night when Tom Wynne and Jimmy Lynam shot the Hawks ahead of La Salle 20-10 in their Mid-Atlantic showdown. But Coach Jack Ramsay wasn't taking any chances. He put his Hawks into an all-court press and bigger La Salle did just what Ramsay hoped it would. The explorers threw the ball away and shot badly as St. Joe's won easily 66-49, its fifth title in a row.

Pitt, upset by Temple 77-71 earlier in the week and with an NCAA invitation at stake, was on guard against Penn State. The Panthers split State's defense and won 83-67. Providence, after barely beating Augsburg 68-67, held Seton Hall's Nick Werkman to 13 points and defeated the Pirates 82-62. Niagara, however, couldn't hold St. Bonaventure's Fred Crawford. He scored 22 points and the Eagles succumbed 87-63. St. John's played its waning game against Loyola of Chicago, but found waiting is useless when you can't shoot, losing 70-47.

The Ivy League had one less contender. Penn and Princeton were still on top but Yale, a half-game behind, knocked Cornell out of the race 81-60. Rhode Island beat

Connecticut 65-62 to take the Yankee Conference lead. The top three.

1. NYU (20-2)
2. ST. JOSEPH'S (20-2)
3. PROVIDENCE (17-4)

## THE SOUTH

Kentucky's Adolph Rupp won't win any titles this year—except Most Disappointed—but he isn't about to help anybody else win one either. The Baron, who fretted dreadfully while his Wildcats lost to Vanderbilt 69-67, had them ready for Auburn, and Kentucky trapped the Tigers' interminable shuffle with a solid defense. Meanwhile, Cotton Nash, back in form after four poor games, scored 28 points, and downed Auburn (78-59) into a second-place tie with Georgia Tech in the Southeastern Conference. Tech, struggling painfully at times, got past Tennessee 72-60 and Georgia 66-58 in overtime. With two games to play, Mississippi State was all alone at the top, but the Maroons, who beat Georgia 86-75 and LSU 99-64, aren't likely to go to the integrated NCAA tournament. If Georgia Tech and Auburn tie for second, Tech will go on to the bases of its regular-season win over the Tigers.

It is one of the unfortunate casualties of college basketball that the regular season doesn't count at the Atlantic Coast and Southern conferences. Last week Duke, with Art Heyman scoring 40 points, overwhelmed North Carolina 106-93 to become only the second team in conference history to go undefeated in ACC games. Southern Conference leader West Virginia, after getting past independent Penn State 83-82, romped over George Washington 104-86. But now both Duke and the Mountaineers must win at conference championship tournaments this weekend to get the coveted NCAA spots. The top three.

1. DUKE (24-2)
2. MISSISSIPPI STATE (20-5)
3. GEORGIA TECH (20-4)

## THE MIDWEST

Everything seemed normal enough when Cincinnati trampled North Texas State 91-61. But suddenly there was Tulsa scoring the first 13 points of the game and then leading the shocked Bearcats 48-17 with eight minutes to go. And at Cincinnati, no less. The Missouri Valley champions pulled through, but just barely, 55-54, after Ken Cunningham, a rarely used sophomore, put in three 15-foot shots and George Wilson sank a free throw at the end. The MVC had another surprise, too, when Bradley beat Wichita 64-63.

continued

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## BASKETBALL'S WEEK

Oklahoma State and Illinois were still tied in the Big Ten, with Indiana a close third. Gary Braddis totaled 71 points while leading the Hucks past Michigan State 87-77 and Iowa 83-70. Illinois got by Purdue 87-79 and Wisconsin 89-77. Indiana's Jimmy Rayl, held to two points in a 72-71 victory over Iowa, scored 56, a conference record, as the Hoosiers outshot and outgalloped Michigan State 113-94.

It was a long pull, but Kansas State finally made it to the top in the Big Eight. The Wildcats beat Kansas 67-54 and Iowa State 62-50 to get there, while Missouri upset Colorado 60-58, and the Buffs, in turn, put down Oklahoma State 49-40. Bowling Green, after a good 67-58 win over Notre Dame, defeated Western Michigan 82-75 to remain tied with Toledo in the Mid-American. The top three:

- 1 CINCINNATI (21-1)
- 2 LOYOLA OF CHICAGO (23-1)
- 3 OHIO STATE (17-1)

## THE SOUTHWEST

It was a week of bribe offers, nits and flitches in the Southwest Conference. But nothing bothered Texas. The big Longhorns bowled over Texas A&M 83-73 and managed to stay out of a postgame brawl at Austin, then smothered SMU 92-76 to clinch the championship after two Miraflores had reported a bribe attempt by a fellow student.

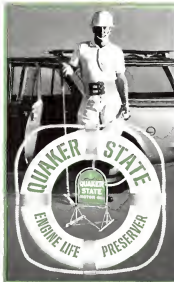
The first Western AC title went to the favorite, Arizona State. While Utah helped out with a 106-100 win over Brigham Young, the Sun Devils outshot Wyoming 82-72 and New Mexico 76-62. Houston slowed down Loyola of Chicago but still lost 62-58. The top three:

- 1 ARIZONA STATE (20-0)
- 2 TEXAS (16-0)
- 3 TEXAS WESTERN (21-1)

## THE WEST

All season long Idaho wanted to get at Seattle. The rooters at Moscow (Idaho) that is) were convinced that their fabulous Gus Johnson would enable the Vandals to beat the Coast team. Last week Idaho had its chance. Johnson got his 22 points and 24 rebounds, but Eddie Miles scored 25 and Seattle won 77-72. The Pacific Coast had two close races. Stanford led in the Big Six after beating UCLA 73-69 in overtime. But the Bruins, who came back to take California 64-57, and Washington were both within reach. Nor was USC, which split a pair of games with Oregon State, losing 76-49 and winning 67-58, out of it. In the West Coast AC, San Francisco lost to San Jose 49-48, and now only a game separated St. Mary's and Santa Clara from the Dons. The top three:

- 1 COLORADO STATE (19-0)
- 2 SEATTLE (16-0)
- 3 STANFORD (20-1)



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fitness of our young people, been more important than it is today. President Kennedy has stated: "The strength of our democracy is no greater than the collective well-being of our people . . . The level of physical fitness of every American citizen must be our constant concern."

To support the President's program, Equitable has prepared a special motion picture: "Youth Physical Fitness—A Report to the Nation." If you would like to borrow a print of this film for showing to interested community groups, contact your nearest Equitable office, or write to: James F. Oates, Jr., President, at the Equitable home office.

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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## THE OPEN EGG

Sirs:

I certainly can find no fault with the premise developed in your article (*The Egg and the Mer*, Feb. 18). However, one point that was not brought out but which, in my opinion, is extremely essential, is that the resolution adopted opposing open tennis was approved over the objection of every officer of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association with the exception of one, and that of both immediate past presidents. It was also done over the objections of Mr. William Kellogg, who is a member of the Committee of Management of the International Lawn Tennis Federation representing the USLTA.

In my opinion, the action taken was extremely ill-advised and harmful to tennis, and I am sorry that the sections which supported this position made no attempt to poll either their clubs or players in regard to this particular policy. It is important, I think, to note that the Midwest area, which did poll its clubs concerning the question of open tennis, found that over 82% were in favor of our holding an open tournament.

EDWARD A. TURVILLE  
President, USLTA

St. Petersburg, Fla.  
A TENNIS MAGAZINE CLUB

Sirs:

Your indictment of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association should have been directed against the majority of the top sectional leaders of the country rather than against the individual clubs.

The Chicago Association, the largest district in the USLTA, through the wisdom of its president, polled its member clubs and the "press" on the anti-open resolution later passed by the annual meeting of the USLTA. Of 75 replies from newspapers and TV stations in the Midwest, 74 favored open tennis. A past president of the Chicago District and of the Western Section had tried previously to persuade the western officers to support the resolution without a club poll, on the as-

sumption that their association was opposed even to "national home rule" on the question of open tennis. As it developed from the poll, that man's own club reported that apparently every member of the club except this one man favored open tennis.

It is doubtful from the discussion at the USLTA meeting whether many, if any, other local associations polled their own clubs. Apparently the decisions were made largely by the officers or the executive committees of the various associations. Hence your indictment of those responsible for the present position of the national organization should be, for better or for worse, against the majority of the sectional leaders and not against the clubs as you imply.

RALPH WESTCOTT

Past President, Western and Chicago  
Tennis Assns.  
Richmond, Ill.

Sirs:

A lack of suitable courts is the trouble with tennis in my section of the country. Most of our courts are poorly constructed asphalt. These are intolerably hot in summer, not adequately shielded in winter, and not provided with shelter and refreshments and comfortable chairs for watching and resting. If we had one quarter of the money spent on golf, tennis would go over the top.

I believe our recent emphasis on exercise for health is going to help tennis. No other sport offers so much exercise for one who is limited in the time he can spend each week for recreation. Probably no other sport requires as much mental concentration as the modern attack game of tennis.

W. S. PENNINGTON, M.D.

Athens, Ala.

Sirs:

My reasons may be peculiar to myself, but I do not get much enjoyment out of watching people do something that I can do myself, even though they do it much better

than I can. Following this line, I could never pay to see anyone bowl or play bridge or play tennis. However, I will gladly pay to see ice hockey or football or baseball, because there is no way that I can presently participate in these sports. I guess what it all boils down to is that it is more fun to participate, even though poorly, than it is to sit and watch the best.

JOHN E. STEVENSON JR.

Pennsauken, N.J.

## BARRIER SHOT

Sirs:

Congratulations on your new series, *Secrets of the Shot Game* (Feb. 18, 25), by Jerry Barber. It is wonderfully detailed and presents its subject in the clearest and easiest-to-understand manner I have ever seen. But then so did Mr. *Secrets of Paragolf* (Feb. 20, 1940) by Billy Casper and *The Modern Fundamentals of Golf* (March 11, 1957 et seq.) by Ben Hogan. Your golf editor has performed a real service for golf and golfers with the presentation of such articles in your magazine.

HIRSCHL KORNBIATT

Denton, Texas

Sirs:

I am not a golfer—had never attended a golf tournament prior to the PGA of 1961 at Olympia Fields. We all know the story now—that miracle on the third hole of the fourth round, and those three incredible puts on 16, 17 and 18. The last was the 60-footer, and it seemed to take five minutes to wind its way to that small hole. It may well be that Jerry Barber may never win another major tournament, but it was a pleasure to find him chosen as the *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* instructor of the short game. He earned this honor on that warm July day in 1961 by proving that to be short is status is no handicap—if one is long on heart.

STUART G. MORRIS

Glen Ellyn, Ill.

continued

## BEAUTY AND THE BEST

Sirs:

I should like to take exception to your claims for track star Jutta Heine as the world's most beautiful *LA Dash of Style for Track and Field*, Jan. 28). Mrs. Heine, while streamlined enough for the indoor boards, would be strictly at sea matching contours with Marty Sisti (left), the world's professional marathon swimming champion.

BUCK DAWSON

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sirs:

Germany's 22-year-old Jutta Heine may well be "the most decorative woman sprinter in the world," as you said. However, if you want to see a real beauty, take a look at 18-year-old Kent State University gymnast Marie Walther (right). Marie, who, incidentally, is also one of the best, will be representing the U.S. in the Pan American Games at Sao Paulo. *Beard* in April.

HARRY BRIDGES

New York City



KEN W. PURDY WRITES ABOUT PORSCHE:

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10TH HOLE *continued*

### PARTISANS

Sirs:

In your article, *The Egg and the Net*, you state the number of Americans who play tennis is estimated at more than 7 million, while golf can boast no more than 6 million. Even the most partisan tennis buffs will admit that the aggregate number of hours consumed, the number of casual and also of avid players and the total number of participants are greater in America in golf than in tennis.

DORISE C. DAHL

Dowens Grove, Ill.

Statistics compiled by the nonpartisan Athletic Institute over the last six years, based on estimates by the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association and the National Golf Foundation, have shown tennis to be the leader in total number of players, both regular and casual.—ED.

### 360-SECOND STALL

Sirs:

I would like to add a little fuel to the 24-second-rule controversy and particularly to straighten out two of your readers, Ron Gelfand and Roger Kennedy (19th Hole, Feb. 18).

I do not understand Mr. Kennedy's statement that a stall is not a show of class. Most good teams know how to break up a stall. Illinois should have been booed for not knowing how to handle a strategic maneuver. Cincinnati is hated for the same reason that people root against the baseball Yankees. They are too good and win too many championships.

RALPH L. WITTE

La Habra, Calif.

Sirs:

To me, any team that can hold and stall the ball for five or more minutes in basketball is showing its best. A stall also wears the other team out and gives the stalling team a rest. I'm for the stall a hundred percent all the way.

DOUG WEYLER

Denver

### FOUR-YEAR COLLEGE

Sirs:

Regarding Clemson Coach Frank Howard's stated hope that rules will be changed to allow the use of one-year sports scholarships (SCORECARD, Feb. 18), I hope to see no change. The maintaining of the four-year scholarship system puts the responsibility for choosing deserving and capable players in the lap of the recruiters, where it should be. If the coaches cannot foresee playing potential, they will continue to be embarrassed by having to keep players who cannot play and thus about the athletic scholarships they misused. If this won't help to

straighten out the recruiting difficulties by keeping the spotlight on the college recruiter, I don't know what will, save abolishment of the entire system.

KARL POMEROY

Canaan, N.Y.

Sirs:

The only way that a lot of boys can get through college today is on an athletic scholarship, and Mr. Howard is actually saying: if you don't produce, then forget it. There has been much squabbling about athletics on scholarships actually being professionals, because they receive compensation for their talents. If Mr. Howard's plan were to be put into effect, then the squabbling would be over—there would be no doubt about their professional status.

I have known a few college coaches, and I'm happy to say that most of them show interest in their players from academic as well as from other points of view besides that of football.

DAVID LEONARD

Williamsport, Pa.

### LULLWATER RUNS DEEP

Sirs:

As his trainer and caretaker I am very much disappointed in your very brief article on Great Lullwater's win of the \$40,000 Prix de France (F on the Record, Feb. 11). You stated that Great Lullwater had not done much of renown for years. I'll tell you why. He has never been a sound horse. As a matter of fact, after one race at Roosevelt Raceway during his 1962 campaign Great Lullwater went dead lame, and was supposed to be done for the season. But with a lot of hard work and a big heart, he got back to the races and even won a feature race at Yonkers just before the season ended. Last but not least, Great Lullwater proved how big a heart he has by setting a track record.

JAMES SMITH

New York City

### IN MEMORIAM

Sirs:

I find no mention in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* of the death on February 2 in Fayette, Iowa of John E. (Doc) Dorman, D.D.S., who was football coach at Upper Iowa University. Doc was an exponent of razzle-dazzle football long before the term became part of the language. He was an improviser and tactical genius who probably invented the trap play and may have been the first coach to use the shovel pass.

Surely we should note the passing of the man who spent 63 years at one college as player, coach and athletic adviser—who was a member of the Helms Foundation Football Hall of Fame and a contemporary of Stagg, Warner and Yost.

F. E. BRECKNER

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

## Rolls-Royce Luxury on the High Seas

The new Calkins 50-foot motorsailer combines the comfort of a powerboat with the speed of a top ocean racer

by ARTHUR ZICH



Drawing by Don Moss

Ever since middle-aged joints first began to stiffen, middle-aged sailormen have dreamed of a boat that would combine the luxury of an Edwardian hotel with the sailing ability of a cup defender. Such a middle-aged sailor is Wendell H. (Skip) Calkins, 50, a chronically worried, pleasantly pudgy fellow from San Diego. However, because Skip is a naval architect and marine engineer by profession, his dreams have achieved practical reality in the high-priced but equally high-performing motorsailer pictured above. The C-50 (C for Calkins; 50 for its length, not the age of its designer)

may not be the ultimate in motorsailers, but it is as good as any produced to date, and far better than most. As a powerboat, this sleek cruiser ranges up to 850 miles at 8½ knots. As a sloop-rigged sailboat, it points like a meter boat and foats with any ocean racer of its size. It has such a well-balanced helm that its wheel may be left for three and four minutes at a time without alteration in course. And in terms of comfort the C-50 may not be Edwardian but it is luxurious: 96 square feet of living space in the main cabin alone, including two 42-inch-wide bunks, 6-foot-4-inch

headroom and broad picture windows that turn the inside of the boat into a solarium. It sleeps from six to 10 guests, according to owner's choice, seats a dozen comfortably in its 10-foot cockpit—which can be modified to include a fighting chair, and below which is a massive storage locker for racing sails. Such is the stuff, together with optional shower and standing headroom in the forward cabin, that Calkins' dreams are made of.

"It's a Rolls-Royce on the water," he says, and he has reason to crow. Although Calkins had designed only one full-sized yacht before his C-50—and

*continued*

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Horned by Squawks who is helping us edit, Skip Calkins, with an assist from his wife, Jane, tries to answer an inquiry about the C-50.

## Rolls-Royce Luxury

doesn't even own a boat of his own—he stepped into the custom yacht field like a man stepping into an elevator shaft. The stock-model C-50 costs \$46,500. With optional extras and customizing it can run close to \$60,000. Yet five C-50s have been completed and sold to date, three more are in production and inquiries for more than 500 have been received at the cluttered Calkins household, where, until recently, all C-50 business was transacted. Making and selling C-50s is a domestic enterprise, homey in spirit and conduct, and, like those other well-matched domestics, Jack Spratt and wife, Skip and Jane Calkins have found it makes for good nourishment and clean platters.

The Calkins household is a rollicking ménage which seems about to slide off a Point Loma precipice into San Diego Bay. Besides Skip and Jane, it boasts a son and daughter, Chris and Kathleen, a mother-in-law, Agnes, and four inscrutable cats—The Little One, Flower, Figaro and Squawks, who sits on the edge of the sink at cocktail time and licks up melted ice. While children who are chasing animals who are chasing children rear through the living room and out the kitchen, Jane says calmly: "It tends, at times, to become hectic." Calkins peers owlishly around the neck of the Spanish guitar he plays when he isn't designing boats or sailing them and adds:

"If we ever got to the point where we're not full of cats and grandmothers and kids, we're going to have a boat of our own."

Calkins has been sailing boats and tinkering with engines for as many of his 50 years as he can remember. He met Jane at 15 in a Los Angeles dancing school. "We met in a grand right and left," she says. "I really wanted the boy behind him." The boy she got was building and racing hydroplanes before he even had a license to drive a car. When he got one, he promptly converted a Model T into a racing hot rod, of which Jane recalls, "I had no great love for that thing. We'd go off to dances; there'd be oil from the drip pan all over my dress." In 1935 Calkins went to MIT. He became a member of the Institute's first sailing team, skated on the varsity hockey team ("Kinda liked the contact") and spent three years majoring in naval architecture and marine engineering. His only exposure to sailing yacht design, however, was a course conducted by George Owen, MIT's famed dean of naval architecture. "If you wanted an A in George Owen's class, you designed an R boat," says Calkins. "So I designed an R boat, and got an A." But by 1938, R boats, like the other letter boats built to Herreshoff's Universal Rule (the letter designated respective sizes of boats built under the rule; the lower the letter in the alphabet, the bigger the boat), had all but passed from the scene—too big, too

limited and too costly for their given classes.

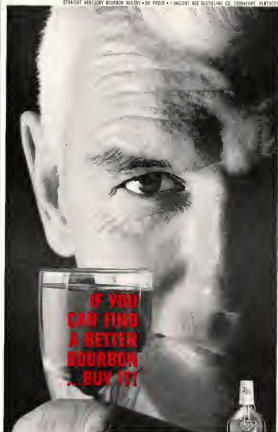
For nearly 20 years after graduation, Calkins thought no more about sailboats. Instead he went to work on destroyers at the Bath Iron Works in Maine. The same year he married his dancing school partner, did a grand right and left back to California—and the war broke out. Three years after graduating he was in charge of planning, with a 250-man staff to help him, at Los Angeles Shipbuilding & Drydock Corporation in San Pedro. Calkins was on the climb, but before he could reach his peak the war ended and the shipbuilding business sank. Resolutely, Calkins kept his head above water with a small yacht brokerage and repair yard on the edge of Newport Harbor. "Those were lean years," says Jane. "We leased the business—inherited a mean old tomcat named Bilgewater, some broken-down furniture and a lot of headaches."

While Jane patched the furniture, Calkins escaped his headaches crewing on the ocean races up and down the California coast. One night in 1950, returning home from Ensenada, Calkins got to expounding on his ideas for yacht design to an old friend and fellow sailor named Charles Ullman. Ullman listened, sent Calkins to a drawing board, and a year later a 50-foot Calkins-designed sloop named *Legend* went into the water. Six years later *Legend* came screaming up Hawaii's Molokai channel at an incredible 13 knots to win the Transpacific, one of the world's longest ocean races—dramatic confirmation of Calkins' principles of design.

But custom-built yachts, even successful ones, are too precarious a market for a newcomer with a household the size of Calkins' to feed. Calkins went back to shipbuilding, this time for National Steel & Shipbuilding in San Diego. A wealthy San Diego aircraft manufacturer named T. Claude Ryan (whose firm, 31 years before, had designed and built a plane called the *Spirit of St. Louis*) was having problems of a different nature. Ryan wanted a powerboat; his sons wanted a sailboat. "Didn't have much use for sails myself," Ryan says now. "They weren't comfortable. I had no intention of giving up the luxury of a big powerboat. I told my boys, 'If somebody could design a boat that would cruise at 10 knots under power, and sail as fast as the fastest sailboat around, I'd be interested.' It seemed like a safe proposition. Everybody knew there wasn't

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a motorsailer around that could do it."

That summer, on the advice of a friend, Ryan tracked Calkins down in San Diego, phoned him, and spelled out some broad ideas on what he had in mind. Calkins' reply: "I've got something along those lines in my head."

He started with a basic hull design that was a most unlikely-looking sailboat. It resembled a New Bedford whaleboat, 50 feet overall, 43 feet on the water. "Essentially," he says, "it's just a big dinghy." Double ends gave it the look of a Norse viking ship or an oversized Indian war canoe. From *Legowd* he took the fin keel, a hydrodynamically designed wing which, together with the rudder, gives

C-50 the underwater profile of a swept-wing jet fighter sliced lengthwise. The insecure-looking fin—a concept much maligned by other designers—is actually so strong that when the boat is hauled out it can support the entire hull. "I'm an engineer," says Calkins, "with the honest training a guy can get and 25 years of experience. If there was something wrong with these fins, I wouldn't be monkeying around with them." He adds significantly, "In the '57 *Transpac*, *Legowd* ran into a floating tree, rode up on it, and it smacked into the fin. It sure made a lot of noise, but the only damage was a little scratched paint."

The hull itself is strip-planked—the type of construction used in Maine coast fishing boats—glued with resinol

resin to form, in effect, a single, solid mold of wood, silent under sail, impervious to the "working" common in wood-hulled boats and so thoroughly dry that one three-year-old C-50's bulges still smell as dusty as the woodshop in which it was built. A total of more than 60 hardwood floor timbers, centered nine inches apart, lends to the hull approximately twice the required amount of strength, yet, wailah, the C-50 displaces only 9,500 pounds—roughly half the expected displacement of a boat 43 feet on the water. "We were able to get away with a lot less ballast," Calkins explains, "because the gunboards [the planking on each side of the keel] aren't deep and the center of buoyancy is high, much higher than a conventional CCA-type boat. This is the same as having a low center of gravity; it's what makes the boat stand up in a stiff breeze."

The C-50 is as kindly on the water as it is luxurious within; it moves through a choppy sea like a Cadillac over a bumpy road. "The sharpness of the entrance angle determines the fore and aft motion of a boat," Calkins explains. "The angle formed by the hull lines sweeping back from the bow—it's like having the right size shock absorbers for your car."

The C-50 more than satisfied Ryan's specifications for comfort. How was it on sailing? Ryan showed the boat to a friend of his as he hipped on sail as he was on powered luxury. The friend answered by ordering a C-50 of his own. A third order came in, and a fourth. Inquiries started to arrive from all over the country. And for each inquiry received, a personal reply from Jane was sent. By the end of the first year she had written more than 400 replies. She still handles all the correspondence; the operation remains small and very personal. "If you're going to buy your ultimate boat," Jane says, "you want your architect standing by like the family doctor." By last November Calkins could point with pride to a scarred coffee table just vacated by one of the cats and antiques. "Every C-50 sale to date has been consummated on that thing, right in this living room."

But even success has a price. Since December 1, 1982 sales of the Calkins-50 have been consummated in an office on Byron Street Causeway down by the bay. Says Skip Calkins sadly, "We're growing. We had to do something. At home Squeaky, the cat, kept going to sleep on my drawing board."

END



Claude Ryan's "Sabina" sails to windward in San Diego Bay. It was Ryan who prodded Calkins to turn to motorsailers and helped him with the design of the boat.



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